

PRIZE COMICS

Big 52 pages!
DON'T TAKE LESS!

WESTERN

JAN.-FEB.

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REGISTERED
A.C.N.Z.



COMPLETE STORY!

GEORGE O'BRIEN

starring in RKO's

"STAGE TO CHINO"

THEY THOUGHT HE WAS JUST A HOOF-HAPPY COWPOKE HUNTING A SOFT JOB DRIVING THE STAGE FOR A PRETTY GIRL, BUT DAN CLARK TURNED OUT TO BE A FEDERAL DICK WHO CROWDED THE RICH, THIEVING DUDE ELLIOT INTO A SIDEWINDER'S SHOWDOWN ON THE

STAGE TO CHINO!

an RKO Radio Picture starring

George O'Brien

OH, DAN, YOU GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!

STAND BACK THERE, BOYS. YOUR GOLD IS SAFE RIGHT HERE IN THESE SADDLE BAGS. I'M TAKING IT TO THE U.S. MINT AND I'LL PLUG THE FIRST COYOTE THAT TRIES TO STOP ME.

WE WANT OUR GOLD THAT WE DUG OUT OF THE EARTH...

WHERE'S OUR GOLD?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

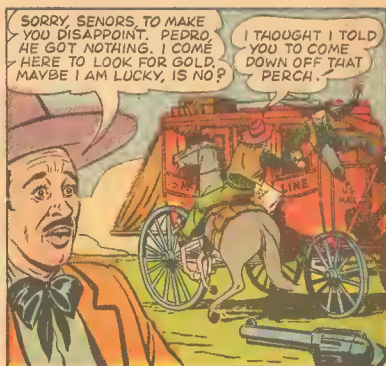
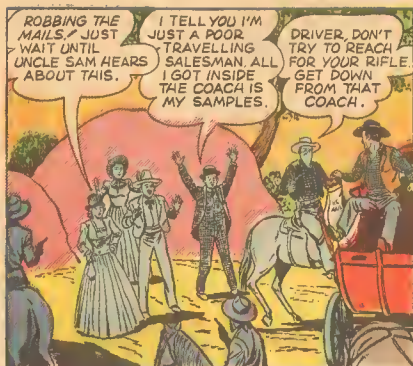
GEORGE O'BRIEN	DAN CLARK
VIRGINIA VALE	CAROLINE MCKAY
ROBERT CAVANAUGH	BOGGS
ROY BARCROFT	DUDE ELLIOT
CARL STOCKDALE	UNCLE CHARLIE
HARRY CORDING	BRANNIGAN
ETHAN LAIDLAW	WHEELER
WILLIAM HAADE	SLIM
GLENN STRANGE	HOAGLUND
MARTIN GARRALAGA	PEDRO
TOM LONDON	DOLAN

CAROLINE MCKAY, OWNER OF THE STAGE LINE WAS ANNOYED WHEN HER DRIVER PULLED UP THE HORSES IN A DESOLATE SECTION OUTSIDE CHINO.

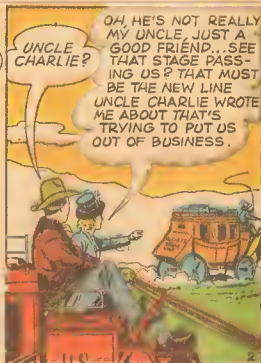
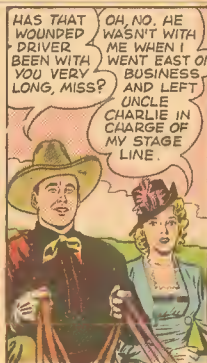
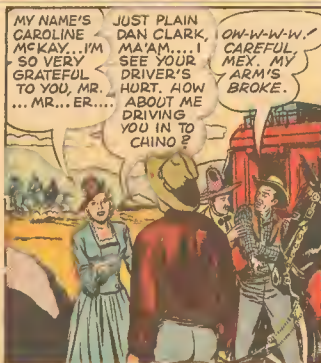
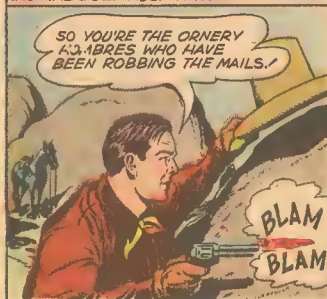
WELL, HOAGLUND, WHAT'S THE MATTER THIS TIME?

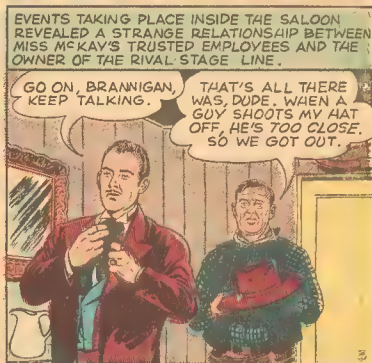
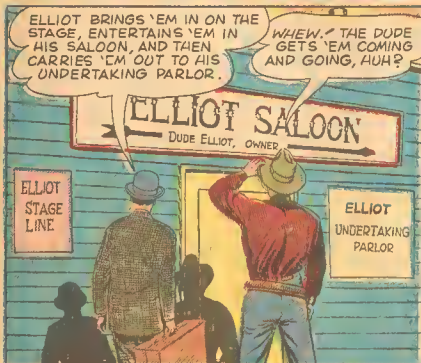
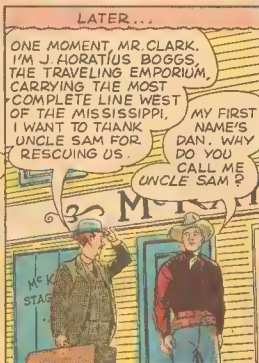
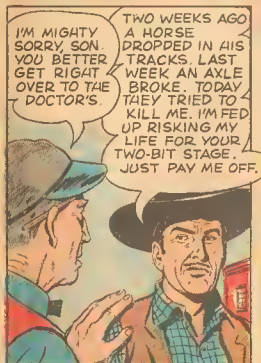
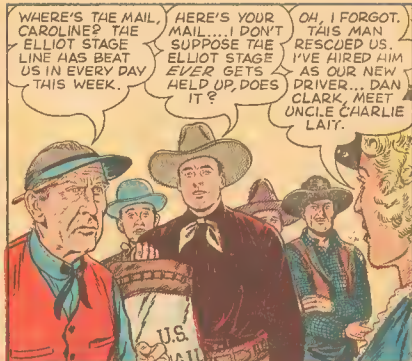
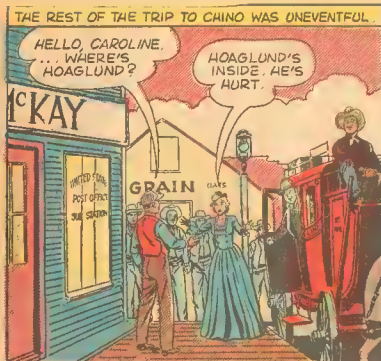
SORRY, MISS MCKAY, BUT THE OFF-LEADER SEEMS TO HAVE PICKED UP A STONE.

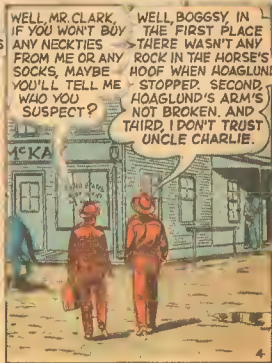
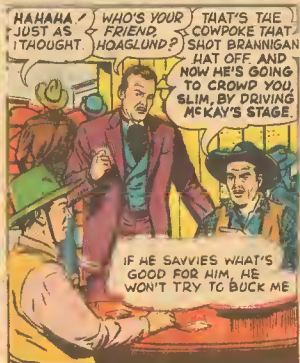
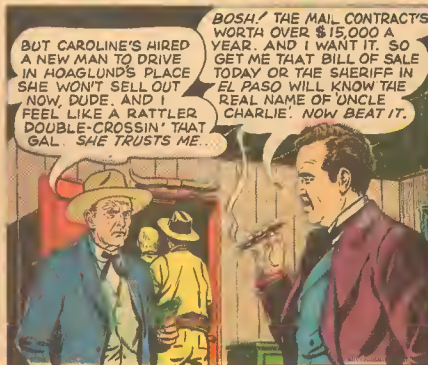
HANDS UP AND EVERYBODY OUT OF THAT COACH. DRIVER, HAND ME DOWN THAT MAIL BAG.



UNKNOWN TO THE BANDITS, DAN CLARK,
AN INSPECTOR FOR U.S. POSTAL SERVICE,
LURKED BEHIND A NEARBY ROCK, WATCH-
ING THE BOLD HOLD-UP...







UNAWARE OF DAN'S SUSPICIONS, UNCLE CHARLIE TRIES TO CARRY OUT DUDE'S ORDERS....

BUT UNCLE CHARLIE WAY SHOULD WE SELL NOW? THE GOVERNMENT MAY RENEW OUR MAIL CONTRACT AND DAN'S A WONDERFUL DRIVER. IF WE DON'T GET THE CONTRACT, WE CAN ALWAYS SELL OUT.

CAROLINE, YOU KNOW THAT I'VE ONLY GOT YOUR INTEREST AT HEART. ELLIOT'S NOT GOING TO PAY YOU \$5000 JUST FOR YOUR GOODWILL, AND DAN WILL GET SICK OF THE JOB JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS.

EXCUSE ME, BUT I JUST FOUND OUT THAT HOAGLUND'S ARM WASN'T BROKEN. HE'S A FAKE.

WHIA-A-A-T? THEN HOAGLUND MUST BE IN CAJONETS WITH THE BANDITS... MAYBE WITH HIM OUT OF THE WAY, WE'LL HAVE A CHANGE OF LUCK.

OH, SO YOU THINK ELLIOT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH FALL THE TROUBLE CAROLINE'S BEEN HAVING.

I NEVER SAID THAT. DUDE ELLIOT'S A POWERFUL AND RESPECTED MAN. A MAN'S CRAZY TO MAKE AN ENEMY OF HIM.

YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE, CAROLINE, TO TRY TO BUCK ELLIOT. WE'VE HAD NOTHING BUT BAD LUCK SINCE HE BEGAN TO COMPETE WITH US.

DAN, HOW ABOUT IT? IF YOU'RE CRAZY ENOUGH TO DRIVE, I'M CRAZY ENOUGH TO GIVE DUDE ELLIOT A FIGHT.

SEVERAL DAYS AFTER DAN TOOK OVER THE REINS, HE PASSED SLIM ON THE TRAIL....

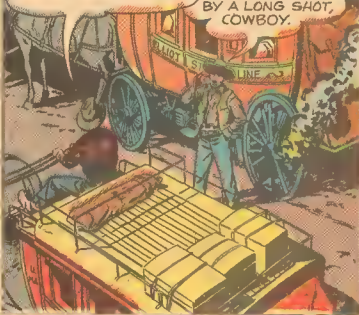
WHOOA. BETTER LET THAT COOL. I WOULDN'T PUT MY TEMPER ON IT. IT'LL TAKE THE TEMPER OUT OF THE AXLE. NEED ANY HELP, PARDNER?

NOT FROM YOU OR MEKAY. HOW COME YOU KNOW SO MUCH ANYWAY?



BY BEATING YOU IN EVERY DAY, SLIM.... GIDDAP. HAH!

DON'T COUNT YORE CHICKENS SO SOON. YORE NOT IN YET BY A LONG SHOT, COWBOY.

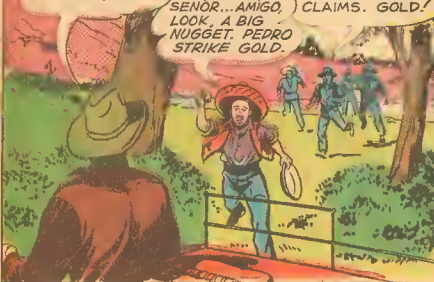


DAN RACED DOWN THE TRAIL, PULLING UP WHEN HE SAW THE MEXICAN MINER, PEDRO.

WHOOA THERE. ...HELLO, PEDRO.

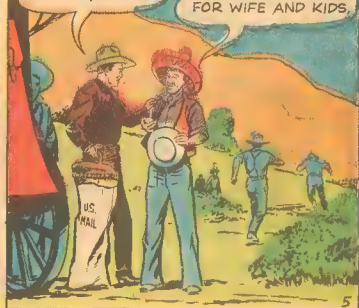
AH, SENOR, SENOR... AMIGO, LOOK, A BIG NUGGET. PEDRO STRIKE GOLD.

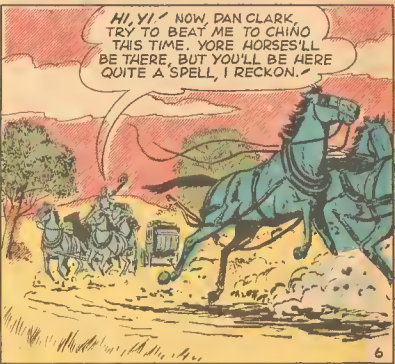
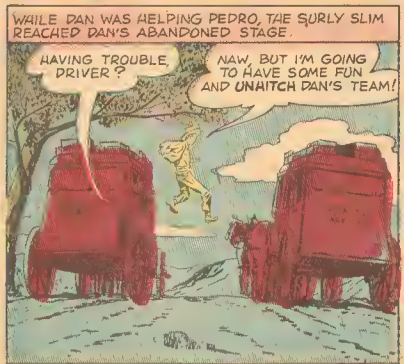
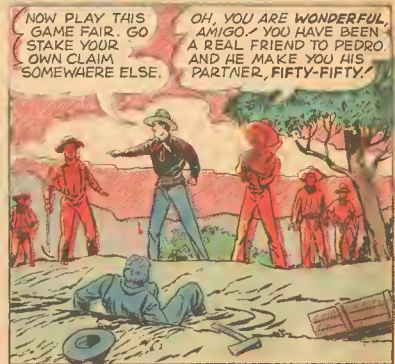
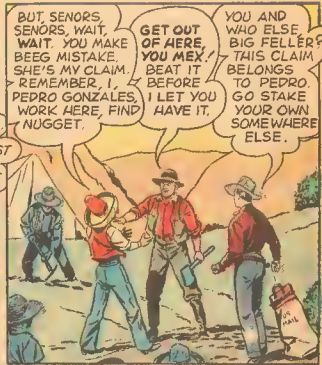
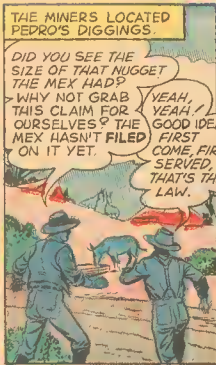
GOLD GOLD, GOLD. WE MUST STAKE OUR CLAIMS. GOLD!

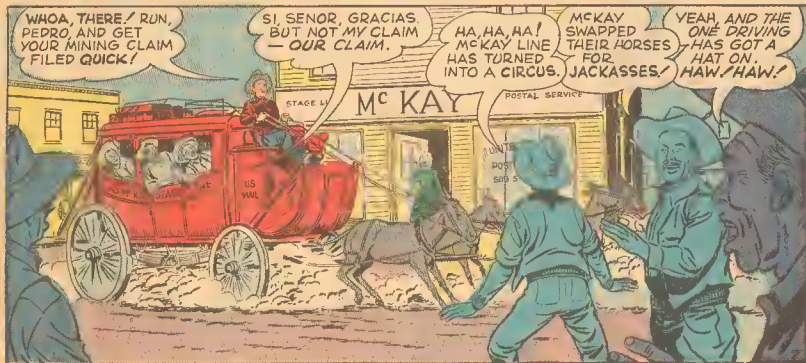
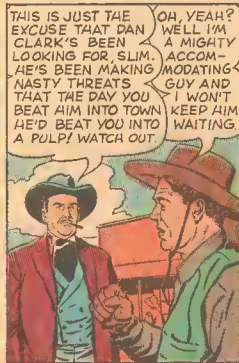
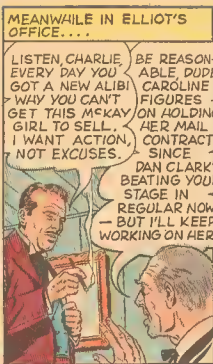
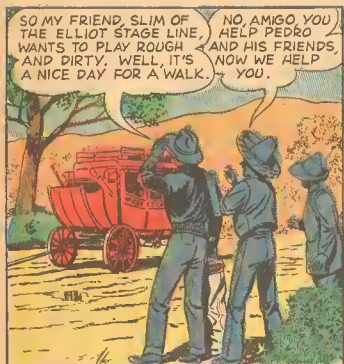


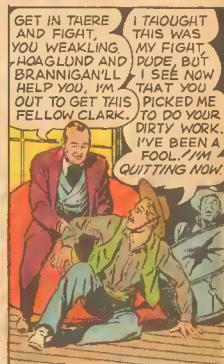
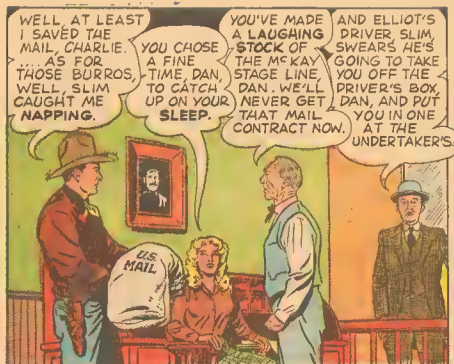
I'M MIGHTY GLAD YOU'VE STRUCK IT RICH, PEDRO.

GRACIAS, SENOR, GRACIAS. NOW PEDRO CAN SEND FOR WIFE AND KIDS.









DAN MADE A HURRIED TRIP TO PRESCOTT, ARIZONA, TO REPORT TO HIS CHIEF.

AND SO I'M CONVINCED MR. PIERCE, THAT ALL THE TROUBLE THE MCKAY STAGE LINE HAS HAD CAN BE TRACED RIGHT TO THIS CROOKED, DOUBLE-CROSSING DUDE ELLIOTT.

MAYBE, BUT YOU HAVEN'T ANY PROOF, DAN... IF YOU WEREN'T WORKING FOR MISS MCKAY SHE'D BE OUT OF BUSINESS, AND ELLIOT'S PUT IN A LOWER BID FOR THE MAIL CONTRACT.

U.S. POSTAL SERVICE
CHIEF INSPECTOR
WESTERN DIVISION

OKAY, CHIEF IF YOU THINK I'M PREJUDICED IN FAVOR OF MISS MCKAY JUST BECAUSE SHE'S A PRETTY GIRL, I'LL BRING YOU PROOF BEFORE A WEEK'S UP THAT ELLIOT IS A CROOK. SO LONG.

BE SURE YOU DO, BECAUSE ONE WEEK FROM TODAY THAT MAIL CONTRACT WILL BE AWARDED, AND ELLIOT HAS ALSO TO HIS CREDIT THAT LAST MONTH HIS STAGE BROUGHT TO THE U.S. MINT \$20,000 WORTH OF GOLD DUST WITHOUT MISHAP.

ON HIS RETURN TO CHINO, DAN HEARD NEWS THAT SET A DARING PLAN IN MOTION.

SAY, MR. CLARK, WHILE YOU WERE OUT OF TOWN I FOUND THAT ELLIOT IS CHEATING THE MINERS OUT OF THEIR GOLD DUST BY USING FALSE WEIGHTS.

GOOD BOY, BOGGYS! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE YOU A GOVERNMENT DICK, FIND SLIM AND THE SHERIFF AND MEET ME AT ELLIOT'S IN HALF AN HOUR. MUM'S THE WORD!

THE PLOTTERS DRIFTED OVER TO ELLIOT'S SALOON, THEN IT HAPPENED.

AN OUNCE AND A HALF.

AN OUNCE AND A HALF, WHY, SEEMS LIKE IT SHOULD BE MORE THAN THAT.

SLIM, I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO KEEP OUT OF MY WAY.

YOU AND WHO ELSE? THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY.

CASH YOU THEM HONEST WEIGHT GUARANTEED

WELL, HERE'S A FREE SOCK ON THE JAW. SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT.

HERE, HERE, DON'T START ANY RUMPUSS IN HERE! YOU BOYS GO OUTSIDE IF YOU WANT TO FIGHT.

CASH YOU DUST HERE HONEST WEIGHT GUARANTEED

LOOK WHAT I FOUND ON THE FLOOR. THIS WEIGHT'S GOT LEAD IN THE BOTTOM. WE'VE BEEN CHEATED!

WE WANT WHAT'S COMING TO US OR WE'LL WRECK THIS JOINT.

SHERIFF I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD A CROOKED WHEELER. ARREST WHEELER. AND I'LL MAKE THE MINERS' LOSSES GOOD.

SHERIFF BETTER ARREST THE MAN WHO HIRED WHEELER TO DO HIS DIRTY WORK.

THE SHERIFF BELIEVED PUDE, BUT THIS LEADED WEIGHT I GOT OFF THE FLOOR WILL CONVINC ELLIOT'S A CROOK. TAANKS, SLIM, FOR THE FAKE FIGHT.

IT WAS A PLEASURE AND I GOT A LEADED WEIGHT, TOO!

ME, TOO, I'M ALWAYS PICKING UP THINGS.

DUDE ELLIOT CELEBRATED HIS ESCAPE FROM THE LAW BY PLOTTING TO WRECK THE MCKAY STAGE LINE. THAT NIGHT HE LED HIS HOODLUMS TO BURN THE MCKAY BARN.

LIKE YOU TOLD ME, DUDE, I GAVE THE GOLD TO THE MCKAY LINE FOR DELIVERY.

GOOD WHEN MCKAY FAILS TO DELIVER THE \$6,000 TO THE MINT, THE MAIL CONTRACT WILL BE CINCHED FOR ME IN PRESCOTT TO-MORROW! NOW I GOT TO TAKE CARE OF WHEELER, DAN'S HOLDING HIM PRISONER INSIDE THE BARN.

I HATE TO DO THIS, WHEELER. BUT YOU MIGHT TALK TOO MUCH AND PUT A ROPE AROUND ALL OUR NECKS.

NAW, NAW, DUDE! DON'T KILL ME! DON'T... A-A-A-GH!

BLAM!
BLAM!

FIRE! FIRE! HELP! HELP! SAVE MY STAGE COACH HELP!

BEAT IT, BOYS. I'LL MEET YOU LATER AT THE REGULAR SPOT. AFTER UNCLE CHARLIE HELPS ME CRACK THE MCKAY SAFE!

LATER ON THE WAY TO PRESCOTT, ELLIOT STOPPED AT THE HIDEOUT TO GIVE HIS HENCHMEN THE GOLD HE HAD STOLEN...

BOYS, IT'S DAWN. I GOT TO GO GET THAT MAIL CONTRACT IN PRESCOTT. TAKE CARE OF THAT GOLD, CLEAN UP THE STAGE COACH AND IT TO US, DRIVE IN AFTER ME IN STYLE. SEE YOU IN PRESCOTT.

DAN CLARK ARRIVED AT THE HIDEOUT A FEW MINUTES LATER, JUST AS ELLIOT GALLOPED AWAY...

BUT THIS'S ALL ELLIOT'S DOIN'—AND HE'S GETTIN' AWAY.

DON'T WORRY—I'LL CATCH UP WITH HIM LATER.

CAROLINE—WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I COULDN'T WAIT FOR YOU ANY LONGER, SO I DECIDED TO DRIVE TO PRESCOTT MYSELF.

THE FIRE REALLY SCORCHED THE STAGE, BUT MY OIL CLOTH GAVE IT THE NEW LOOK.

AND SO MR ELLIOT, I HEREBY AWARD YOU THIS MAIL CONTRACT AS THE LOWEST...

"LOWEST" IS RIGHT, MR PIERCE FOR I HEREBY ARREST DUDE ELLIOT FOR MURDER AND HIGHWAY ROBBERY, AND I'VE GOT THREE WITNESSES TO PROVE IT!

HAVE A SLIMMER YOUTHFUL FEMININE APPEARANCE INSTANTLY!

REDUCE

Don't look old before your time. Do as thousands of others do, wear a comfortable new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT! The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT, with the amazing new adjustable front panel, controls your figure the way you want it, with added support where you need it most. Simply adjust the laces and PRESTO your mid section is reshaped and your back braced and you look and feel younger!



**Your Appearance!
Look and Feel Like
Sixteen Again!**

No other girdle or supporter belt has more hold-in power! The Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt is the newest, most comfortable girdle I ever had.

More Up-Lift and Hold-in Power!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT takes weight off tired feet and gives you a more alluring, more daringly feminine, curvaceous figure the instant you put it on. It gives you lovely curves just in the right places, with no unwanted bulges in the wrong ones. It whittles your waistline to nothingness, no matter what shape you may now have. It's easily adjusted - always comfortable!

Test the ADJUST-O-BELT Up-Lift Principle with Your Own Hands!

Clasp your hands over your abdomen, press upwards and in gently but firmly. You feel better don't you! That's just what the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT does for you, only the ADJUST-O-BELT does it better. Mail Coupon and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense!

Appear Slimmer, and Feel Better!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT lifts and flattens unsightly bulges, comfortably, quickly, firmly. It readjusts easily to changes in your figure, yet no laces touch your body. It gives instant slenderizing figure control. It fashionably shapes your figure to its slimmest lines. Like magic the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT obeys your every wish. Pounds and inches seem to disappear instantly from waist, hips and thighs. You can adjust it to your slimmed down figure as your figure changes. It gives the same fit and comfort you get from a made to order costing 2 or 3 times the price. It washes like a dream.

Style: Panty and regular. Colors: Nude and white. It's made of the finest stretch material used in any girdle, with a pure satin front panel and made by the most skilled craftsmen. It's light in weight, but powerfully strong. It won't roll up, bulge or curl at the top. It gives extra-double support where you need it most. No other girdle at any price can give you better support, can make you look better, feel better or appear slimmer. Sizes 24 to 44 waist. Only \$3.98

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT isn't better than any supporter you ever had, if you don't feel more comfortable, if you don't look and feel younger, if your shape isn't 100% IMPROVED, if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be refunded in full.

FREE: New amazing NYLON laces will sent free with your order. Try them instead of your regular laces. You may keep them FREE even if you return the girdle.

SEND NO MONEY

ADJUST-O-BELT CO., Dept. 98
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Rush your new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT for \$3.98 in size and style check.

☐ Regular:

☐ Panty.

☐ C.O.D. I will pay postage, plus handling.

☐ I enclose \$3.98. You pay postage, plus handling.

CHECK SIZE: ☐ Sm. (25-26). ☐ Med. (27-28).

☐ Lg. (29-30). ☐ XL (31-32). ☐ XXL (34-36).

☐ XXXL (38-40). ☐ XXXXL (42-44).

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I understand if not delighted with the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT, I can return it in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

SENT ON APPROVAL!



You will look like and feel like this beautiful model in your new and improved Up-Lift Adjust O-Belt.

An old prospector reached into the mist-shrouded past to find the lost key to an almost legendary gold mine. His discovery set loose a series of perilous adventures which plunged Dusty Ballew and Gumption Jones into a desperate fight for justice as they sought to unearth the...

Treasure of DEATH MOUNTAIN!

MAKE UP YOUR MINDS, BOYS. IF YOU TAKE ANOTHER STEP TOWARD THIS GOLD MINE, I'LL LET THE DYNAMITE GO, AND WE'LL ALL BE SEALED UP FOREVER!

THAT'S TELLIN' 'EM, OUSTY! 'O RUTHER BE BURIED ALIVE HERE, THAN GIVE UP A SINGLE GRAIN OF GOLO OUST TO THESE OWL HOOTS!

BALLEW! LISTEN TO REASON... PUT OUT THAT FUSE, AND WE'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU!

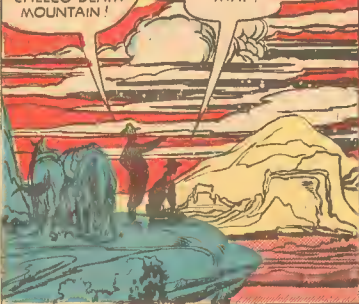
YORE WASTIN' YORE TIME, SLACE. OUSTY BALLEW DON'T MAKE DEALS! WE'O BETTER PULL OUT, AFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



DEEP INTO THE RUGGED TERRAIN OF NEW MEXICO WANDERED OUSTY BALLEW AND HIS TALKATIVE SIOE-KICK GUMPTION JONES, AS THEY ROAM THE VAST EXPANSES OF THE WEST...

SEE THAT PEAK OVER YONDER, OUSTY? THAT'S CALLED DEATH MOUNTAIN!

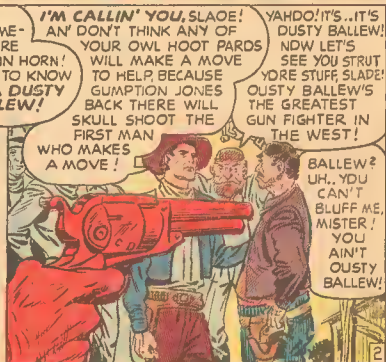
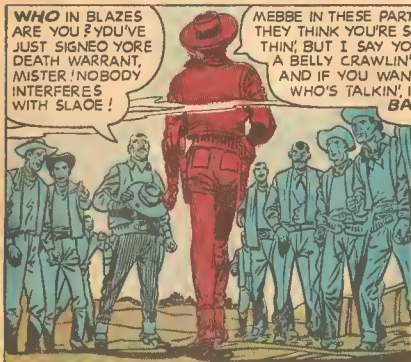
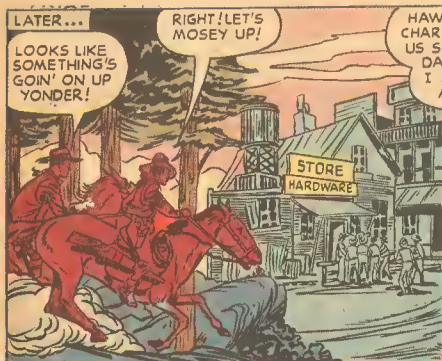
DEATH MOUNTAIN? BRRR! THAT'S A GRISLY NAME! HOW COME IT'S CALLED THAT?

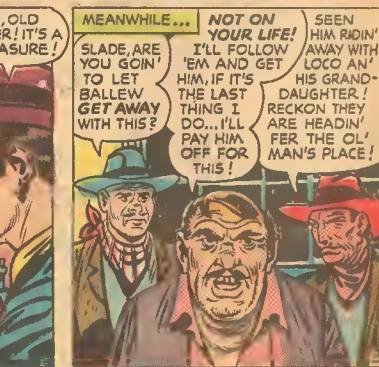
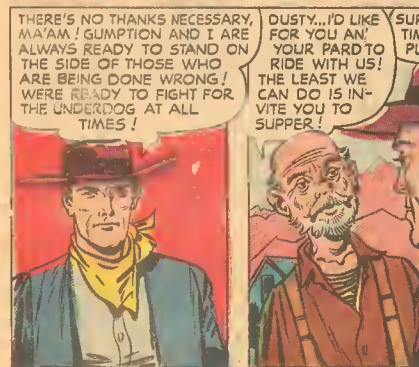


THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A FABULOUS GOLD MINE SOMEWHERE ON THAT MOUNTAIN, BUT IT'S ONLY BROUGHT DEATH TO THEM THAT WENT AFTER IT!

WELL, PARO, WE'RE NOT GOIN' AFTER GOLO, SO IT'S NOthin' FOR US TO WORRY ABOUT! LET'S GET MOVIN', I'D LIKE TO MAKE THAT TOWN UP YONDER, BEFORE NIGHT!



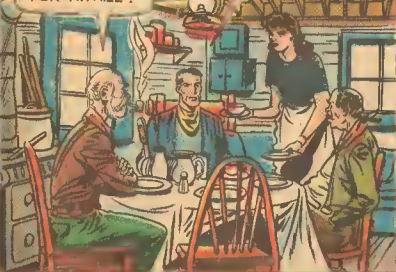




LATER...AT LOCO'S CABIN...

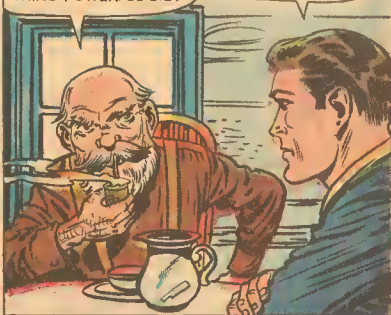
WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS, DUSTY? ARE YOU AIMIN' TO STAY IN THESE PARTS FOR AWHILE?

DUNNO! DEPENDS ON WHAT DEVELOPES!



SUPPOSIN' SOMETHIN' BIG DEVELOPED! SOMETHING POWERFUL BIG!

THEN WE'D STAY, GUMPTION AND I!



SUPPOSIN' I TELL YOU THAT I HOLD THE KEY TO A FORTUNE THAT'LL MAKE US RICHER THAN CROESUS! WHY, DUSTY...IF YOU STRING ALONG WITH ME, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO BATHE IN GOLD DUST! JOAN, FETCH MY MAP CASE!



LOOK! THIS IS THE SECRET! THE SECRET THAT'LL MAKE US ALL RICH! I FIGURE YOU DONE ME A GOOD TURN, THAT YOU AND GUMPTION CAN BE TRUSTED! SO I'VE DECIDED TO LET YOU IN ON WHAT I KNOW!

YOU COULDN'T HAVE MADE A BETTER CHOICE, GRAMPS!

BY THE HORNED SPOON! THAT MAP... IT'S...IT'S...

THE MAP TO THE GOLD MINE ON DEATH MOUNTAIN!

DUSTY! DO YUH KNOW WHAT HE'S SAYIN'? THE GOLD MINE...WHY, I'VE HEARD TELL OF IT SINCE I WAS A LITTLE SHAVER...

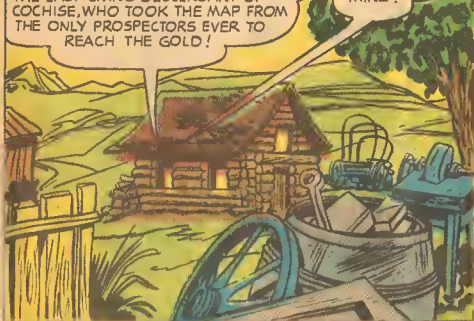


IS IT GENUINE, LOCO?

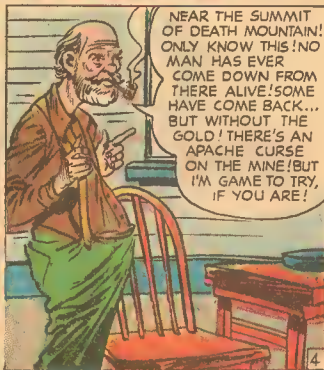


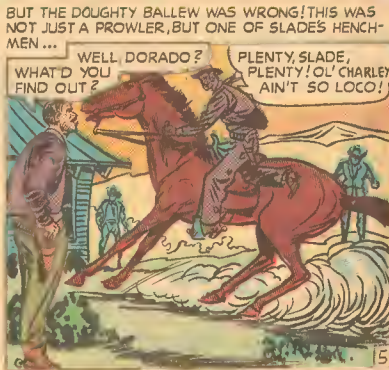
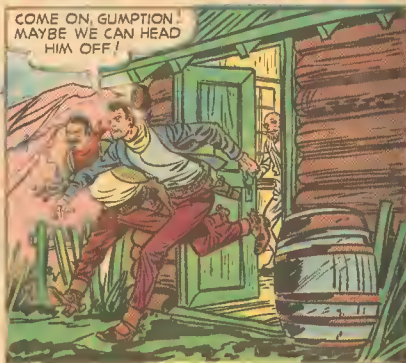
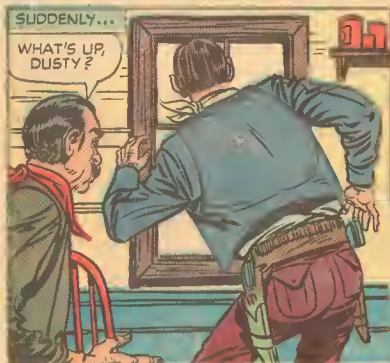
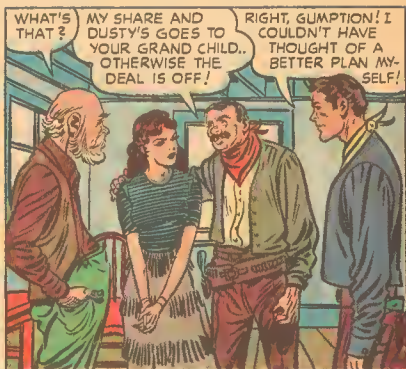
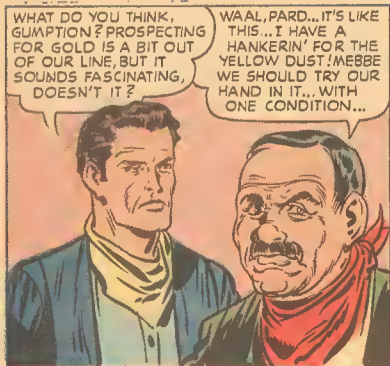
GENUINE? LISTEN, DUSTY THIS MAP WAS GIVEN TO ME BY AN OLD APACHE! THE LAST LIVING DESCENDANT OF COCHISE, WHO TOOK THE MAP FROM THE ONLY PROSPECTORS EVER TO REACH THE GOLD!

I SEE... JUST WHERE IS THE MINE?



NEAR THE SUMMIT OF DEATH MOUNTAIN! ONLY KNOW THIS! NO MAN HAS EVER COME DOWN FROM THERE ALIVE! SOME HAVE COME BACK... BUT WITHOUT THE GOLD! THERE'S AN APACHE CURSE ON THE MINE! BUT I'M GAME TO TRY, IF YOU ARE!





I SNEAKED UP ON THE CABIN LIKE YOU SAID! I FIGURED I MAY AS WELL GET A GOOD IDEA OF THE SITUATION. WHEN I HEAR LOCO TALKIN'! SLADE, HE HAS A MAP TO THE GOLO MINE ON DEATH MOUNTAIN! A GENUINE MAP!

THE GOLD MINE! MAN ALIVE, DORADO! THIS IS IT!

IF THE OLD MAN HAS A MAP, IT'S A CINCH HE'LL GET BALLEW AND GUMPTION TO GO ALONG WITH HIM! THEY'LL LEAVE THE GRANDDAUGHTER BEHIND! WELL, HERE'S MY PLAN!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

GOOD BYE, GRAMPS, DUSTY, AND GUMPTION! GOOD LUCK! I'LL BE WAITING HERE FOR YOU!

SO LONG, HONEY! WHEN WE COME BACK, YOU'LL HAVE THE MONEY TO GO EAST AND LIVE LIKE A LADY SHOULD! SHECKS, CHILD, YOU'LL MAYBE EVEN GO TO COLLEGE!



AND HIDDEN, NEARBY...

SLADE, YOU'RE SMART! REAL SMART!

THAR, HEY GO! WE'LL GIVE 'EM A COUPLA HOURS START, THEN GO DOWN AND GRAB THE GAL, ACCORDIN' TO MY PLAN! WE'LL LET THEM LEAD US TO THE MINE, AND USE THE GAL AS A HOSTAGE! IT'S EITHER HER OR THE MINE!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, NEAR LOCO'S CABIN...

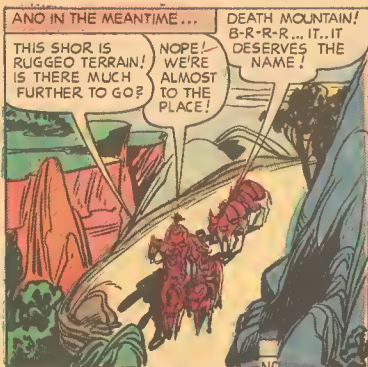
HOWDY, MISS JONES! I'VE COME TO COLLECT THAT KISS!

SLADE! LET ME BE... OR, OR I'LL SHOUT FOR HELP... DUSTY BALLEW AIN'T FAR! HE'LL HEAR ME... AN' THEN...

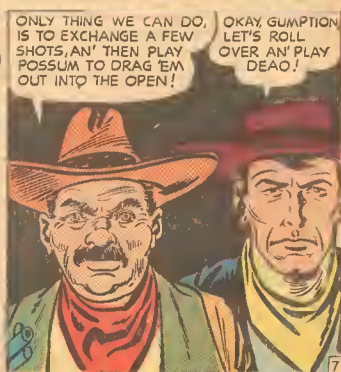
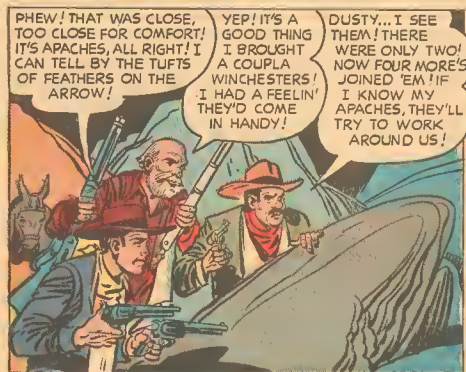
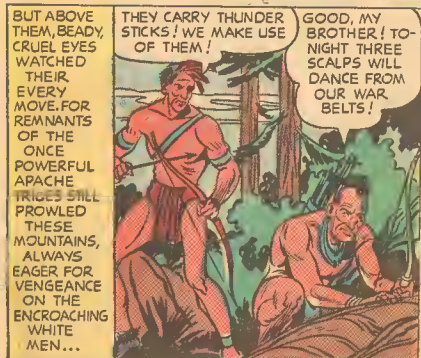


SAVE YOUR BREATH, WILD CAT! BALLEW IS CLIMBIN' DEATH MOUNTAIN RIGHT THIS MINUTE! AND THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING, LITTLE LADY! ONLY YOU'LL BE THE INSURANCE THAT'LL CONVINCE LOCO TO TURN THE MINE OVER TO ME!



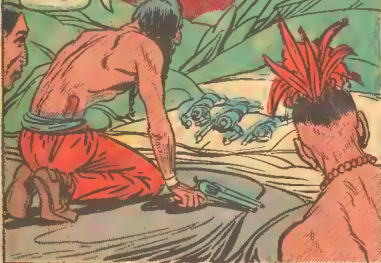


AFTER SEVERAL HOURS MORE OF HARD CLIMBING, THE THREE MEN REACHED THEIR OBJECTIVE...



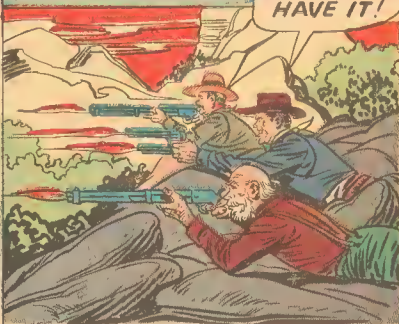
FOR A FEW MINUTES DUSTY, GUMPTION AND LOCO KEPT UP A RAPID FIRE, THEN...

LOOK, THEY FALL, COME MY BROTHERS, IT IS SCALPING TIME!



AS THE APACHE INDIANS DREW NEAR THEIR "VICTIMS"...

OKAY MEN, LET 'EM HAVE IT!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

YAHOO! SOME SHOOTIN'!

IT'S OVER, BOYS! WE GOT 'EM ALL!

AIN'T HAD A TUSSEL LIKE THIS SINCE THE BATTLE OF BEECHER'S ISLAND...



NICE WORK, BOYS! VERY NICE WORK! YOU SURE ARE A PAIR OF SCRAPPERS!

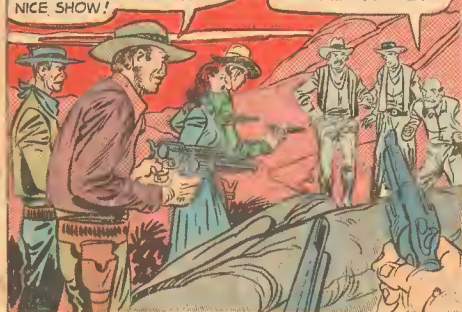
YOU DIDN'T DO SO BADLY YOURSELF, LOCO!

QUIET, GUMPTION. I HEARD SOMETHING...



YOU HEARD RIGHT, BALLEW! WE SNEAKED UP WHILE YOU WERE FIGHTING THE APACHES. NICE SHOW!

IT'S SLADE... THE RAT! LET MY GRANDCHILD ALONE... D'YUH HEAR?



SORRY, LOCO, SHE'S MY ACE! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU! BUT FIRST, MY BOYS'LL HOG-TIE DUSTY AND GUMPTION! DON'T GET ANY IDEAS, BECAUSE IF ANYONE MOVES, THE GIRL DIES!





MAKE SURE
THEY CAN'T
GET AWAY,
BOYS!

DON'T WORRY, SLADE, WHEN
I THROW KNOTS, NOBODY
GETS LOOSE!

NOW LOCO... IF YOU
DON'T WANT YOUR
GRANDCHILD TO DIE,
YOU'LL TURN OVER
THE MAP! I WANT THE
EXACT LOCATION OF THE
GOLD VEIN, SO WE DON'T
WASTE ANY TIME!

SLADE... LET
THE GIRL GO!
I'LL GIVE YOU
THE MAP, IF
YOU UNTIE
HER AND
LET HER
GO!

NO,
GRAMPS!
HE'LL KILL
US ANY-
WAY! I
HEARD THEM
PLANNING
IT!



SHUT UP! NOW, I'LL DO IT MY WAY... I TRIED
TO BE NICE! HE'S GOT THE MAP ON HIM!
I'LL TAKE IT... AND THROW YOU ALL TO THE
VULTURES! NOBODY FOOLS WITH
SLADE!

OH HH...



WAIT A MINUTE, SLADE! THE
OLD MAN DOESN'T HAVE THE
MAP! I DO... AND IT'S HIDDEN
WHERE YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT!

YOU'RE LYING!



I DON'T LIE! YOU SHOULD
KNOW THAT BY NOW! IF
YOU LET JOAN, LOCO AND
GUMPTION GO... YOU'LL
GET THE MAP!

YOU'RE IN NO
POSITION TO
ARGUE! **GIVE
ME THE MAP!**

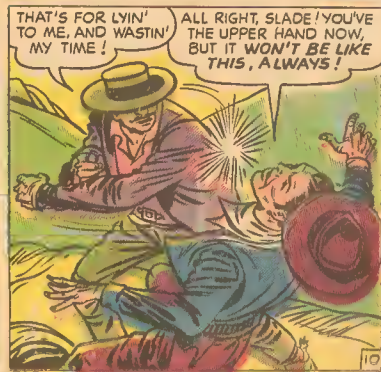
GO AHEAD AND SHOOT!
BUT YOU'LL NEVER FIND
THE GOLD! YOU CAN DIG
UNTIL DOOMSDAY! IF YOU
DON'T HAVE THE MAP,
YOU'LL NEVER FIND
THE GOLD!

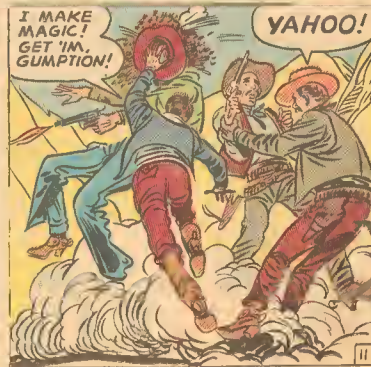
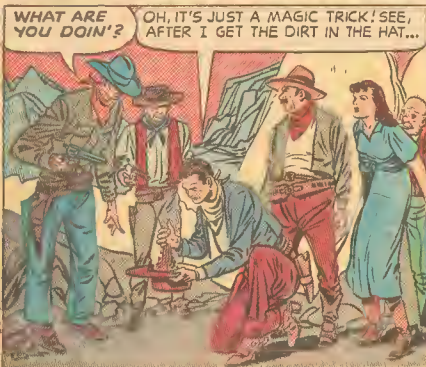
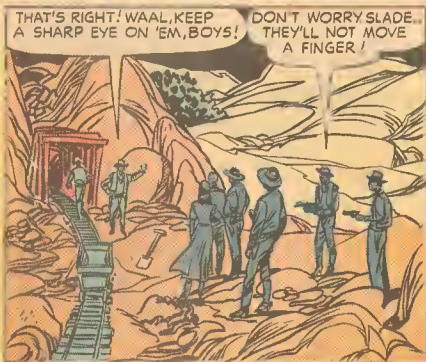
MAYBE! BUT I AIN'T GOIN'
TO DIG, AND NEITHER WILL
MY BOYS! YOU, GUMPTION
AND THE OL' MAN CAN
DO THE DIGGING!
HOW'S THAT?

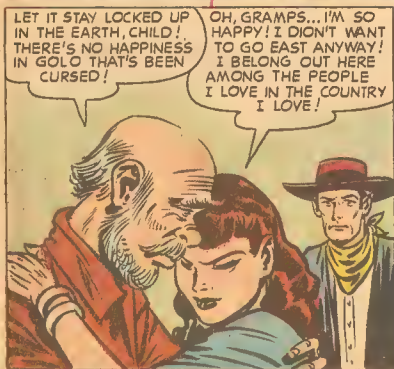
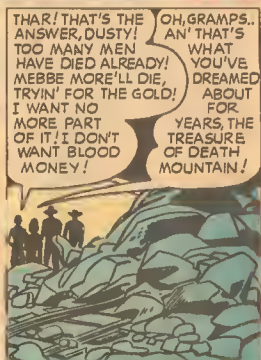
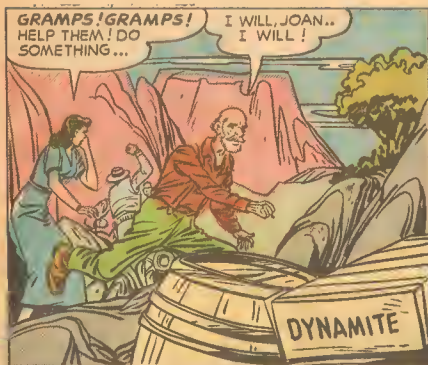




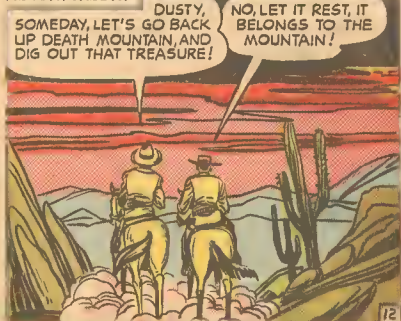
SO, FOR HOURS, AND DAYS, THE CAPTIVES WORKED THE MINE, AS THE CRUEL SLADE AND HIS HENCHMEN KEPT A CONSTANT VIGIL OVER THEM...







SO, WITH THEIR HORSES' HEADS TURNED WESTWARD ONCE MORE, DUSTY AND GUMPTION RODE INTO NEW ADVENTURES...



The guitar-strumming vaquero, THE LAZO KID, and his young Billy-goat-driving pal, Pedro, rode into the bandit-looted border town of Brushville and helped the puzzled Sheriff find...

The LOST TRAIL!



WHAT THE... I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS ON A RAILROAD TRACK!

BLAM

NOT SO FAST, MY FRAN... EVEN A BANDIT SHOULD BE POLITE TO SAY ADIOS WHEN HE VAMOOSE WITH STOLEN GOLD, IS NO?

WHAT AN HOMBRE, THIS LAZO KID IS! WONDER IF HE'D BE MY DEPUTY?

WOMP

SHERIFF AND DECCA

AT DUSK ONE DAY IN BRUSHVILLE, THE LAZO KID AND PEDRO RIDE FROM THE ROAD INTO A SCENE OF GREAT EXCITEMENT...

HELP, HELP! I'VE BEEN ROBBED... SHERIFF, SHERIFF, HELP!

I'M COMING THOMAS! I'M COMING. HOLD YORE HOSSES!

HOW MUCH I AM LOVED BY INEZ... I CAN GUESS, I GUESS

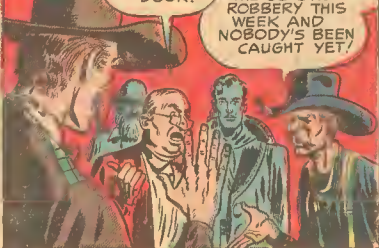
THOMAS HARDWARE STORE



NOW CALM DOWN, THOMAS. CALM DOWN AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!

CALM DOWN, HE SAYS! THAT'S EASY TALK, SHERIFF, BUT YOU WASN'T ROBBED OF \$850 BY A MASKED BANDIT. HE TIED ME UP AND WENT OUT THE BACK DOOR!

IT'S A DOGGONED SHAME. THAT'S THE SECOND ROBBERY THIS WEEK AND NOBODY'S BEEN CAUGHT YET!



BUT SHERIFF, IF YOU WANT TO CATCH THAT FELLER, YOU'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW HIM TONIGHT!

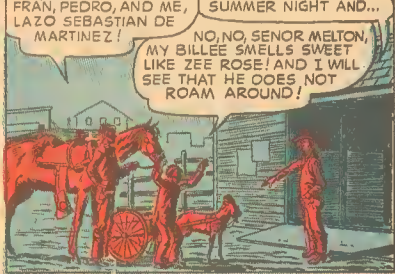
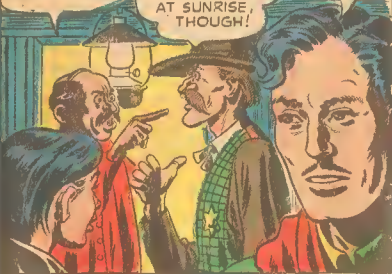
NOW TALK SENSE, THOMAS! HOW CAN I SEE THAT BANDIT'S TRACKS IN THE DARK? I'LL BE ON HIS TRAIL AT SUNRISE, THOUGH!

COME PEDRO, WE MUST FIND A PLACE TO SLEEP TONIGHT!

PARDON, SENOR MELTON, BUT WE SEEK FOOD AND LOOGING FOR ONE HORSE CHAPULI, ONE GOAT, BILLEE, AND PERHAPS TWO VAQUEROS, MY LEETLE FRAN, PEDRO, AND ME, LAZO SEBASTIAN DE MARTINEZ!

I'LL STABLE YOUR HORSE, LAZO, BUT I DO NOT KNOW ABOUT THE GOAT! HE SMELLS UP THE PLACE ON A HOT SUMMER NIGHT AND...

NO, NO, SENOR MELTON, MY BILLEE SMELLS SWEET LIKE ZEE ROSE! AND I WILL SEE THAT HE DOES NOT ROAM AROUND!



WELL, IF YOU DON'T MIND SLEEPING ON HAY, YOU CAN BEO DOWN FOR THE NIGHT, ONE NIGHT ONLY, UP IN THE LOFT... THAT'LL BE FOUR DOLLARS, DOLLAR EACH FOR THE HORSE AND THE GOAT AND THE SAME FOR YOU AND THE BOY... CASH IN ADVANCE!

AT MIDNIGHT, MELTON RECEIVED AN IMPATIENT VISITOR...

HEY, MELTON, WAKE UP, COME HERE!

SHH...NOT SO LOUD, MR. FORCETT! SOMEBODY'S SLEEPING UP IN THE LOFT!



THERE YOU ARE SENOR, AND GRACIAS!



WHAAT? HAVENT YOU GOT BETTER SENSE THAN TO PUT ANYBODY UP HERE, YOU BLOCKHEAD?

SHH, IF YOU'LL JUST TALK LOW, MR. FORCETT, NOBODY WILL HEAR YOU! BESIDES, I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU BACK UNTIL TOMORROW NIGHT, YOU SAID!

I WAS LUCKY! THERE'S A FLASH FLOOD IN THE BRUSH RIVER! I LOST MY TRACKS IN THE RIVER, FLOATED DOWN STREAM TEN MILES AND HERE I AM BACK! SHERIFF WON'T KNOW I DOUBLED BACK!

BA-A-A-A!

MY BILLY GOAT, HE WAKE ME UP, LAZO, AT RIGHT TIME, IS NO?

SHH, PEDRO! LOOK, LISTEN, BUT DO NOT TALK!



PHWE! YOU FOOL, THAT GOAT SMELLS TO HIGH HEAVEN AND BLEATS LOUD ENOUGH TO WAKE THE DEAD... WHERE DID YOU CACHE THAT GOLD?

RIGHT UNDER THIS HAY, MR. FORCETT, PRETTY SLICK, HUH? NOBODY WOULD EVER THINK TO LOOK THERE!

JUST KEEP IT HID THERE FOR A FEW OAYS UNTIL ALL THE EXCITEMENT OIES DOWN! SO LONG! NEXT MONTH I'M GOING TO ROB THE SALOON NEXT TO MY GAMBLING HOUSE!

OKAY, MR. FORCETT, WHATEVER YOU SAY, SO LONG!



SHUT UP, YOU ORNERY HORNED TOAD.. YOU MAKE TOO MUCH NOISE!

BA-A-A!



I'LL LARN YOU TO SHUT UP, YOU.. WHAT THE...

THAT IS AN EVIL THEENG TO DO, MY FRAN... YOU WEEL NOT SLEEP WELL IF YOU HEET DUMB ANIMALS, IS NO?



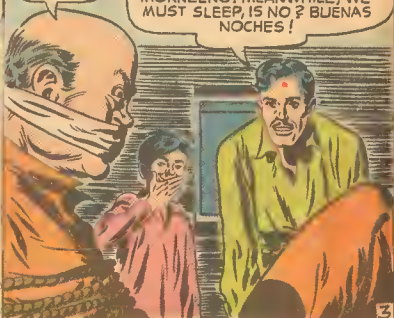
AND IT WEEL BREENG YOU MUCH BAD LUCK IF YOU HEET MY BILLY-GOAT!

GET OUT OF HERE! I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET YOU STAY IN THE FIRST PLACE. YOU SNOOPERS! GET OUT OF MY STABLE PRONTO, YOU HEAR?

SHH! MY FRAN, YOU SHOUT SO LOUD PEDRO AND I WEEL NOT BE ABLE TO SLEEP THE WHOLE NIGHT AND EET EES ONLY A LEETLE BIT PAST MIDNIGHT!

GLUB, GUGG, GIGG!

VEREE SORREE, SENOR MELTON, I WEEL RELEASE YOU IN ZEE MORNEENG! MEANWHILE, WE MUST SLEEP, IS NO? BUENAS NOCHES!



NEXT MORNING ...EARLY...

JUST WAIT UNTIL THE MASKED BANDIT HEARS ABOUT THIS, HE'LL WIPE YOU OUT! YOU KNOW TOO MUCH ALREADY, MEX!

IN THEES CASE, SENOR MELTON, I WEEL LEAVE YOU TIEO TO ZEE POST WHILE I TAKE ZEE GOLD TO ZEE SHEREEF, IS NO ?

HURRY PEDRO AND WE WEEL CATCH ZEE SHEREEF BEFORE HE LEAVES ON ZEE TRAIL OF ZEE BANDIT!

WE BREENG THE GOLD TO THE SHEREEF AND...

BACK TONIGHT SHEREEF

ZEE SHEREEF IS GONE! SO NOW WHAT WE OO, LAZO?

SO NOW, MY LEETLE FRAN, WE RIDE LIKE ZEE WIND TO CATCH ZEE SHEREEF!

WHEELING AROUND, THE LAZO KIO AND CHAPULI LEAD THE WAY OUT OF TOWN IN SEARCH OF THE SHEREEF...

HOW DO WE KNOW WHICH WAY TO GO, LAZO!

LOOK CLOSELY AT ZEE GROUND, PEDRO, AND YOU WEEL SEE FRESH HOOV PRINTS OF ZEE SHEREEF'S HORSE!

WELL, WHAT IN TARNATION HAPPENED TO YOU, MELTON, YOU LOCO FOOL ?

NOW, NOW, DON'T GET SORE, MR. FORCETT! I ORDERED THAT MEX ANO HIS KID TO LEAVE AND HE TIED ME UP LIKE THIS, AND THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU!

THEY'RE GONE! I PUT THEM BAGS OF GOLD RIGHT HERE, MR. FORCETT! YOU SAW 'EM YOURSELF, NOW WHERE DID THEY GO, YOU RECKON?

CAN'T YOU GUESS, YOU FAT-HEAD? THAT MEX HAS GOT 'EM AND IS TAKIN' THEM TO THE SHERIFF!

OW! NOW, NOW, MR. FORCETT! O-OH!

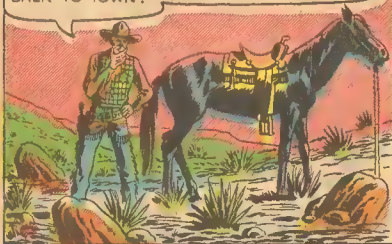
THAT'LL LEARN YOU NOT TO SLEEP STRANGERS UP IN THAT HAY LOFT!

PICK UP THAT FAT CARCASS OF YOURS AND SADDLE OUR HORSES! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT MEX BEFORE HE REACHES THE SHERIFF!



THE SHERIFF LOST THE TRAIL OF THE MASKED BANDIT IN THE FLASH FLOOD OF BRUSH RIVER...

CONSNRIN IT, THAT MASKED BANDIT EITHER LOST HIS TRAIL FOR ME IN THE RIVER OR HE'S DROWNED! I HOPE HE'S DEAD, BECAUSE HE'S CAUSED ME NOTHING BUT TROUBLE! I MIGHT AS WELL HEAD BACK TO TOWN!



THE BANDIT AND HIS CRONY RODE HARD! A SHORT DISTANCE OUTSIDE OF TOWN THEY VEERED SHARPELY OFF THE TRAIL...

WHATCHA LEAVIN' THE TRAIL FOR, MR. FORCETT? WE MIGHT GIT LOST UP THAR IN THAT ROUGH COUNTRY!

DON'T ASK SO MANY QUESTIONS, MELTON! WE'RE TAKING A SHORT CUT TO HEAD OFF THAT MEX BEFORE HE REACHES THE SHERIFF!



THERE'S THAT LAZO KID DOWN THERE! WE'RE JUST IN TIME TO SWOOP DOWN AND DRY-GULCH HIM AND THAT KID BEFORE THEY REACH THE SHERIFF BY BRUSH RIVER!

YEAH, YORE A SURE 'NUFF GENIUS, MR. FORCETT! BUT LEAVE ME TAKE CARE OF THAT LAZO KID! I WANT HIM TO FEEL A FEW SLUGS OF LEAD IN HIS GIZZARD!



A BULLET JUST WENT THROUGH MY SOMBRERO, LAZO! SOMEBODY UP ON THAT HILL DOES NOT LOVE US, I THINK!

QUEEK, PEDRO, DRIVE BEHIND THEES ROCK, UNTIL I FIND OUT WHD IT EES THAT DOES NOT LOVE US!



THE SHERIFF FINDS LAZO AND PEDRO JUST LIKE LAZO PLANNED IT...

COME ON OUT FROM BEHIND THAT ROCK, HANDS UP, WHOEVER YOU ARE!



BUENDAS DIAS SENOR SHEREEF! WE HAVE GOOD NEWS... WE RECOVERED THE STOLEN GOLD!

SI, SENOR, WE ARE YOUR FRANS! THEES EES ZEE FAMOUS LAZO KID AND I AM HIS PARDNER, PEDRO! DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE US?



OH, IT'S YOU TWO FELLERS AGAIN! DIDN'T I SEE YOU LAST NIGHT WHEN THE HARDWARE MERCHANT WAS ROBBED? YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THAT MASKEO BANDIT HAVE YOU?

SEE, HERE EES ZEE GOLD, SENOR SHEREEF!

AND VEREE SOON I THEENK WE SHOW YOU ZEE BANDIT, SENOR!



LIE DOWN AND PLAY DEAO LIKE GOOD LEETLE GOAT, BILLEE!

IN THEES WAY, SENOR SHEREEF, YOU WILL SEE PROOF THAT ZEE MASKED BANDIT EES ZEE THIEF OF ZEE GOLD!



THAT EES RIGHT, PEDRO! GIVE TWO BAGS TO ZEE SENOR SHEREEF AND WAN WE LEAVE IN ZEE WAGON FOR TO BE A TRAP FOR BANDIT!

I THEENK I SEE ZEE BANDIT AND ZEE SHORT, FAT MAN COMING DOWN ZEE HILL IN FRONT OF US, LAZO!



JUST AS I THOUGHT IT WAS MY BULLET, MR. FORCETT THAT KILLED THE GOAT! I GUESS THE MEX AND THE KID RODE AWAY ON THE WHITE HORSE!

NOTHING OF THE KIND, IT WAS MY BULLET THAT KILLED THE GOAT! JUMP DOWN NOW AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND ANY GOLD!



TOUGH LUCK, MR. FORCETT, BUT THIS ONE BAG IS ALL I COULD FIND!

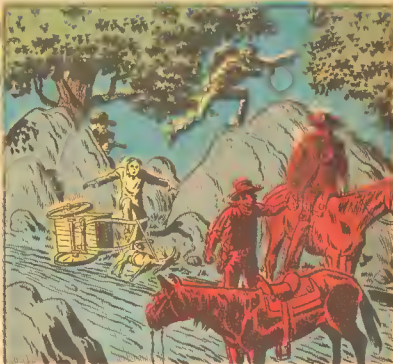
BRING IT HERE TO ME, QUICK, YOU BONEHEAD! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! THEN GET DN YOUR HORSE AND FDLLOW ME! WE'LL PROBABLY CATCH THEM TWD AND THE REST OF THE GOLD AT THE RIVER!



THAT'S THE MASKED BANDIT, ALL RIGHT! I COULD PLUG HIM RIGHT NOW, BUT I WANT TO TAKE HIM BACK ALIVE TO CLEAR UP SOME OTHER ROBBERIES AND A MURDER!

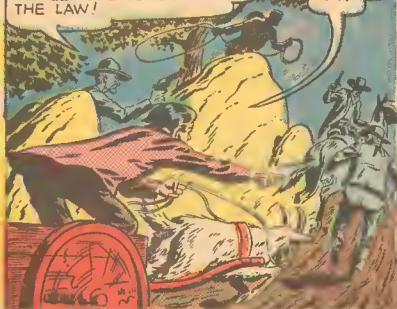
HOLD YOUR FIRE, SENOR, AND I WEEL GET THEES BANDIT FOR YOU DONE UP IN NICE BUNDLE. PEDRO, YOU TAKE CARE OF ZEE FAT WAN, IS NO?

SI, SI, LAZO, WIZ PLEASURE!



STOP WERE YOU ARE, BANDIT, OR I'LL PLUG YOU! THIS IS THE LAW!

HI, BILLEE, HI!



SHOOT THAT MEX, MELTON, QUICK!

ZEE ROPE EES QUICKER ZAN ZEE GUN, SENOR FORCETT, IS NO?

OOFFF!



DROGGED OUT OF THE SADDLE BY LAZO'S LOOP, FORCETT, IS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS...

WELL, I SWAN! IT IS GAMBLER FORCETT, LIKE YOU SAID, LAZO! CAN YOU BEAT THAT? THE MASKED BANDIT DOING BUSINESS RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE!

HEY, LET ME UP! I CAN EXPLAIN (PUFF) EVERYTHING, SHERIFF!



WELL, LAZO, I LOST THE TRAIL OF THIS HOMBRE BY THE RIVER, BUT THANKS TO YOU I FOUND IT AGAIN! WISH YOU'D BE MY DEPUTY! YOU AND THE BOY COULD STAY AT MY HOUSE!

GRACIAS, SENOR SHEREEF, BUT PEDRO AND I LOVE ZEE FRESH AIR TOO MUCH TO LIVE IN ANY MAN'S HOUSE, ADIOS!



WE HAVE MUCH EXCITEMENT ALL TIME, IS NO, LAZO?

SI, LEETLE WAN, BUT THEES TIME EES NO WOMAN IN EET AND EES NOT SO MUCH PLEASURE, IS YES?



KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS

WITH WARD'S FORMULA

PISTIROSPOREM
OYALE

MOROCOCCUS

STAPHYLOCOCCUS
AUBUS

MICROBACILLUS

NOTHING, Absolutely nothing
known to Science can do more to

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all four* types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

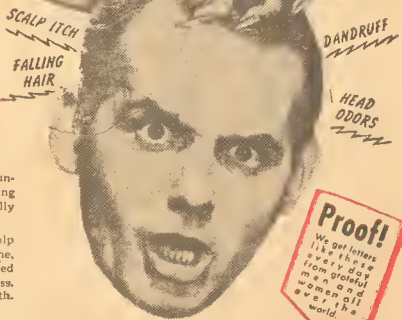
1. Kills these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—on contact
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—fast
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—quickly
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—instantly
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—within 3 seconds

Once you're bald, that's *it*, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe us. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have proved what we say. Read their grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's *better* than a free trial! Then try Ward's Formula at our risk. Use it for only 10 short days. You must enjoy *all* the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**. You be the judge! Ward Laboratories, Inc., 320 E 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.

TO SAVE YOUR HAIR ACT NOW

Send coupon today for 10-day offer. Send No Money



I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.

E. A., Cleveland, Ohio
Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, I've gotten the most help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.
C. La M., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out.

R. W. C., Cicero, Ill.
I am tickled to death with the results. In just two weeks' time—no dandruff! W. T. W., Portale, Gal. I feel encouraged to say that the infuriating scalp itch which has bothered me for 5 years is now gone.
J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but **Double Your Money Back** unless you actually **SEE, FEEL and ENJOY** all benefits herein claimed in only ten days. The test is at our risk. All you do is return unused portion or the empty bottle unless completely satisfied.

Ward Laboratories, Inc.

ACT TODAY or YOU MAY BE TOO LATE!

Word Laboratories, Inc.,
320 E. 49 St., Dept. 2 CP, New York 17, N. Y.

Rush Ward's Formula to me at once. I will pay postman two dollars plus postage. I must be completely satisfied within 10 days, at you GUARANTEE refund of DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK upon return of bottle and unused portion.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
☐ Check here if you enclose \$2.00 and we will pay postage. Same refund offer holds, of course. APO, FPO, Canada & Foreign add 25c, no CODs.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

ALL THE ROPES

Old Tim was through until he proved it took more than smooth talk to make a good sheriff

THE new sheriff of Mesa County cleared his throat and looked musingly at his deputy, old Tim Ellis, who had his feet up on the desk and his hat pulled way down over his small gray eyes.

A month ago, old Tim had been the sheriff. As a matter of fact, he had been sheriff for forty years. But a new generation, sons and daughters of the pioneers, had come along. And they voted in Bob Lorton, a hard-nosed, up and coming young lightning rod salesman, who could talk your arm off and did talk himself into office.

Old Tim, the embers of disappointment smoldering in his heart, wanted to resign the day Bob Lorton took office. But Bob, who actually didn't know beans about being a sheriff, was bright enough to ask old Tim confidentially to stay on for a while until he learned enough about the ropes not to get tangled in them.

Things were pretty quiet now. There really wasn't any use keeping Tim on the payroll. Besides, people might start talking about how Bob Lorton couldn't be sheriff without old Tim Ellis at his elbow to tell him what to do.

There was no doubt about it. Old Tim would have to go. But for once in his life Bob Lorton ran out of words to get the idea over to Tim without being brutal about it.

"Hey, Tim, you asleep over there?"

"Nope."

"I been wanting to talk to you about something."

"Shoot," said Tim, without moving a muscle.

"You been with me now about a month, ain't it?"

"Yep, month tomorrow." Old Tim shifted his quid from his left cheek to his right cheek.

Lorton cleared his throat again. "Well, there's no real need for you to start another month, I reckon. But thanks, old timer, for sticking around a while and teachin' me the ropes."

Old Tim shoved back his hat and the ping of a bull's-eye on the brass cuspidor revealed that he



had spat out his quid. He brought the front legs of his tilted chair down with a bang and extended a knarled and wiry hand to Lorton. "That's all I've been waiting to hear you say. Goodby and good luck."

"No hard feelings, old timer," said Lorton, shaking hands and sticking out his chest. "Every dog, you know, has his day and the time will come when . . ."

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" The rest of Lorton's bombast was drowned out by the sound of gunfire.

"Come on Tim," cried Lorton, buckling on his gunbelt. "Sounds like trouble up the street."

But Tim Ellis shook his head. "I've just been fired, Lorton. Remember? You're on your own now so don't get tangled up in the ropes."

Lorton cursed a streak about poor sports, ingratitude and jealousy and ran out of his office. Tim followed slowly, went to the hitch rail and mounted Midnight, his old black mare, veteran of many a posse hunt. Glancing up the street, he saw a crowd in front of the bank. He turned Midnight in the opposite direction toward his small farm about five miles out. It was late spring and if he was to wrest a living from the soil for his old age, he'd better get started on his plowing.

"Smoothest pair you ever saw," said the bank cashier excitedly to Sheriff Lorton. "Backed out of here with over \$4500 in currency and gold, leaped on their horses and disappeared in a cloud of dust—gosh, it took you a long time to get here, Sheriff."



"Whaddya mean, it took me a long time? I came a-runnin' soon's I heard the shots . . . how about it men? I want a posse of six pronto. We'll go into the hills and get them buzzards."

Sheriff Lorton and his posse went into the hills, rough country with sawtooth ridges and tricky canyons where a green sheriff could be bushwacked and dry-gulched with ease. Sheriff Lor-

ton was plumb disgusted and looked it. He stood up in his stirrups and waved his hand in a heroic gesture.

"Never saw such a country. There's a hundred draws and canyons where them buzzards could be hidin." We can't go into every one of them and smoke them out. Let's play it smart. It's a cinch that they can't get over them mountains in the distance. And if they try to stay in the hills they'll starve to death. The only way out for them is back toward town, where we'll all be waitin' with plenty of rope, eh men?"

The posse was tired and nodded a ready assent as they saw the lengthening shadows that meant night was coming on. But on the dusty road back one of the men mumbled to the others, "Y'know, there weren't a fugitive that old Tim didn't finally bring to justice although he might have been a mite slow about it!"

Bob Lorton winced. "Every man has his own methods that suits him best," he said with great solemnity.

But at five o'clock the next morning Sheriff Lorton was on his way to the farm home of Tim Ellis. He found old Tim ploughing a long furrow in his narrow stretch of land.

Tim stopped at Lorton's hail, removed his battered old straw hat and wiped the sweat from his brow with the sleeve of his shirt.

"Morning, Tim, yore up mighty early."

"Way behind in my spring plowing," said Tim, shifting his quid.

Lorton knew better than to beat around the bush with Tim Ellis. "Look, Tim, I was a mite hasty yesterday. How about helping me find them bank bandits? I can't find a single feather belongin' to them buzzards in them hills yonder."

"Well, thank ye kindly, Sheriff," smiled Tim, "but like I said, I got to get a crop in now while the gettin' is good."

"But the county needs you, Tim," orated Sheriff Lorton.

"They didn't think so a few weeks ago," said Tim, his jaw tightening as he stared meaningfully at Lorton.

Unable to budge Tim Ellis, Lorton finally turned and rode back to town. But he hadn't been gone long when Tim called "whoa" to Midnight and both of them rested in the shade of a big cottonwood. Finally Tim stopped staring at the sky and said,

"Come on, Midnight, I reckon there's a more important crop than this to be harvested now."

A man like Tim Ellis isn't sheriff of Mesa County for forty years without knowing every foot of the ground and all the ropes. He knew

a short cut into the hills that skirted the town and he thought that nobody saw him. But soon he was conscious that he was being followed. It was Bob Lorton, winded and lathered almost as badly as his horse.

"Gosh, am I glad I saw you coming up here, Tim. Them folks in town are plumb crazy. They're demanding that I go right in and get them bandits or resign. I don't blame you for being glad yore free of the whole danged mess of being sheriff, and "

"Shut yore mouth and foller me," said old Tim.

They rode in silence up the side of a mountain until they came to a little shelf that looked down on the canyon country.

"Broodin' buzzards, I didn't know there was any place like this up here. Can't see it from down below, can yuh?"

"Keep quiet and watch yore horse's eats," said old Tim.

Suddenly, Midnight's ears and those of Lorton's mount stood forward. "I can't see a thing down there," said Lorton.

"No, but yore horse can. Look close now way down there in them trees."

"Jumpin' gophers! There's two horses down there! It must be them bank buzzards!"

"It probably is," said Tim Ellis, "and tonight we'll be able to see their camp fire and take 'em prisoner while they sleep."

But Bob Lorton, seeing a chance to reinstate himself as a town hero, couldn't wait. He had to go back, get up his posse and make a frontal attack on the bandits. Old Tim saw the whole thing, the puffs of smoke, heard the distant sound of gunfire from his grandstand seat. He saw the posse ride hastily away with a wounded man. Late that night Tim Ellis worked his way quietly down into the canyon and took the two bandits prisoner while they slept. He roped them to their saddles and brought them into town.

There he found out that Mesa County no longer had a sheriff, for Bob Lorton had been killed in the daring but foolish attack on the bandits. Tim



Ellis was made sheriff again, but folks in Mesa County think he got his biggest kick leaning on his barbed wire fence watching the citizens plow up his farm and plant his spring crops as their part of the bargain. At any rate they all agree that old Tim Ellis is one sheriff that knows all the ropes!

TROUBLE BREWED WHEN JIM BAXTER KNOCKED DOWN BULL WHALEN FOR INSULTING PRETTY IVY SLAUGHTER! BULL'S SIX SHOOTER CLEARED LEATHER AS THE INFURIATED BULLY HIT THE GROUND! THAT'S WHEN THE CROWD NOTICED...

The Stranger in BENTON BOWL

NO JIM! HE HAS A GUN!

THIS WILL TEACH YOU A LITTLE POLITENESS!

DON'T REACH FOR THAT GUN!

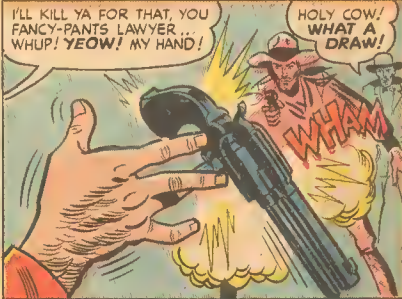
WHO'S THAT STRANGER BUTTIN' IN?



JIM BAXTER WAS NOT LONG FROM THE EAST! HE DIDN'T CARRY A GUN BUT THAT MADE NO DIFFERENCE TO A LOBO KILLER LIKE BULL WHALEN...

I'LL KILL YA FOR THAT, YOU FANCY-PANTS LAWYER... WHUP! YEOW! MY HAND!

HOLY COW! WHAT A DRAW!



THE COLD-EYED TRAIL-DUSTY STRANGER WITH LOW-SLUNG SIX-SLUNG HAD STEPPED FROM THE CROWD IN THE NICK OF TIME! BLASTING THE GUN FROM BULL'S HAND, THE STRANGER TOOK CONTROL OF THE SITUATION

ONLY A COYOTE WOULD SHOOT AN UNARMED MAN... AND I DON'T LIKE COYOTES! TAKE THIS!

OH JIM... HE WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU!



THANKS FOR SAVING MY LIFE, MISTER! MY NAME IS JIM BAXTER. IF I CAN EVER RETURN THE FAVOR, LET ME KNOW! OH... THIS IS MY FIANCEE, MISS IVY SLAUGHTER!

THEY CALL ME BLACK JACK!



IVY SLAUGHTER?
YOU MUST BE
SHERIFF SLAUGHTER'S
YOUNG'UN! HOW
IS YORE PAW
THESE DAYS?

SHERIFF
SLAUGHTER
WAS
MURDERED
AND ROBBED
ABOUT TWO
MONTHS AGO!

YOU KNEW DAD!
OH, YOU MUST
COME VISIT US
AT THE RANCH!



I KNEW YORE PAW
WELL, MISS IVY,
ALTHOUGH IT'S
BEEN A SPELL
OF YEARS SINCE
I'VE SEEN HIM!
WHO... KILLED
HIM?

WE DON'T KNOW,
BUT A MAN
NAMED CAT
MCCORD IS BEHIND
MOST OF THE
LAWLESSNESS
IN THIS TOWN!



MEANWHILE BULL WHALEN RE-
PORTED BACK TO HIS BOSS...
THE MAN WHO PRACTICALLY
RAN BENTON BOWL...

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MY
BEST MAN AND IN FRONT OF
HALF OF BENTON BOWL YOU
GET YOURSELF OUT-GUNNED
AND KNOCKED SILLY!



AW BOSS! HE TOOK
ME WHEN I WASN'T
LOOKIN'! THEN HE
BEAT ME WITH HIS
GUN BUTT... I
THINK!

GUN BUTT,
NOTHIN'! HE
HIT YUH
ONCE WITH
HIS FIST...
KNOCKED YUH
TWO FEET OFF
THE GROUND!

ALL RIGHT
FORGET IT!
BOOGER!
PETE! GO
FIND THIS
STRANGER!
TELL HIM
CAT MCCORD
WOULD LIKE
TO TALK TO
HIM!



BOOGER
AND
PETE
EXPECTED
TROUBLE
WHEN
THEY
FOUND
BLACK
JACK!
THEY
WERE

WHEN HE
SEEMED
EAGER TO
ACCOMPANY
THEM
BACK TO
MCCORD'S
OFFICE...

WELL, WELL, GLAD TO
MEET YOU, STRANGER!
THE BOYS HAVE BEEN
TELLING ME ABOUT
YOU! ALL RIGHT, BOYS,
GET OUT AND LEAVE
US ALONE!

HOWDY, MC-
CORD, I HEAR
YOU'RE THE
BIG MAN IN
THIS TOWN!



MCCORD WAS IMPRESSED ENOUGH BY BLACK JACK TO
OFFER HIM BULL'S JOB AS TOP GUN-HAND...

... SO THAT'S HOW IT
IS, BLACK JACK! YOU
COME WORK FOR ME...
OR YOU GET RUN
OUT OF TOWN,
TODAY!

I'LL WORK FOR YOU, MCCORD!
...BECAUSE I LIKE THE WAGES!



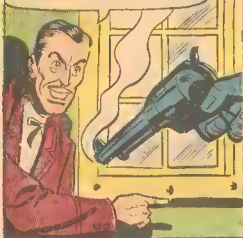
WHEN THEY
HAD REACHED
AN AGREE-
MENT... BLACK
JACK GOT
UP TO LEAVE
MCCORD'S
OFFICE,
BUT HALF
WAY TO
THE DOOR
HE HEARD
MCCORD'S
STARTLED
YELL!
IMPULSIVELY,
HE
SWUNG
INTO
ACTION...

LOOK OUT-
THE WINDOW
BEHIND YOU...



THERE HAD BEEN NO ONE IN THE WINDOW! CAT MCCORD HAD PUT BLACK JACK TO THE TEST, IN HIS OWN WAY...

AMIGO, YOU'RE GOOD... PLACING YOUR SHOTS THAT WAY, YOU COULDN'T MISS ANY ONE BEHIND THIS WINDOW... BOYS, COME IN AND MEET YOUR NEW TOP HANO!



LATER... NOW I RECKON I'D BETTER TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MISS IVY'S INVITATION BEFORE SHE LEARNS I'VE TIED UP WITH MCCORD!



HOWDY, M'AM! FIGGERED I'D TAKE YOU UP ON YORE INVITATION, MISS IVY!

WERE GLAD TO HAVE YOU MR. BLACK JACK! HAVE YOU MET OUR SHERIFF BEALLE?



YOU KNOW YOUNG FELLOW! I'D SWEAR I'D SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE!

IF THAT OLD GOAT REMEMBERS ME, I'M SUNK!

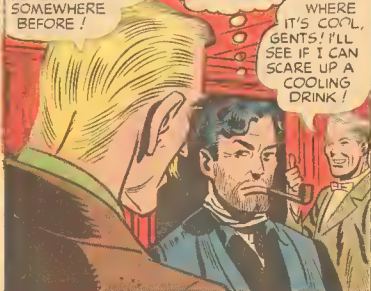
COME ON IN-SIDE WHERE IT'S COOL, GENTS! I'LL SEE IF I CAN SCARE UP A COOLING DRINK!

SOMEHOW THE CONVERSATION TURNED TO THE LATE SHERIFF SLAUGHTER'S MURDER AND ROBBERY! SHERIFF BEALLE CONTINUED TO BE MYSTIFIED OVER BLACK JACK, AND WHERE HE HAD SEEN HIM BEFORE...

...HE HAD BEEN SHOT IN THE BACK! THE MONEY FROM THE CATTLE AGENT WAS STOLEN! HIS SILVER MOUNTED KNIFE AND TOBACCO POUCH WERE GONE ALSO!

WE FOUND THE KNIFE A WEEK LATER IN A MAN'S BACK! IF YOU'RE RIDING BACK TO TOWN, YOUNG FELLOW, I'LL RIDE WITH YUH!

HUH? OH YEH... SURE!



THAT WAS THE LAST TIME IVY SLAUGHTER SPOKE TO BLACK JACK! THE WORD SOON GOT AROUND THAT HE HAD HIRED HIS GUN OUT TO CAT MCCORD! IVY, JIM AND SHERIFF BEALLE BEGAN TO IGNORE HIM IN THE STREETS

THERE'S THE FELLA WHO BEAT UP BULL WHALEN!

HUH! I HEAR HE'S A WORSE KILLER THAN WHALEN EVER THOUGHT OF BEING!



BLACK JACK STUCK CLOSE TO MCCORD IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED! THE CAT WAS NEVER WITHOUT HIS SHADOW! BEFORE LONG, MEN LEARNED TO FEAR THIS QUIET THREATENING PRESENCE

MY POT GENTLEMEN, I BELIEVE!

BY GEORGE, AGAIN! MCCORD, I THINK YOU'RE...

HOLD IT, CLEM! THERE'S THAT BLACK JACK!



BLACK JACK ONLY PLAYED CARDS WITH MCCORD AND THE BOYS... NEVER DROPPING HIS CAUTIOUS AIR OF WATCHFUL WAITING...



A THRILL RAN DOWN BLACK JACK'S SPINE WHEN HE SAW THE TOBACCO POUCH BOOGER HANDED HIM...

THANKS, BOOGER! THANKS A LOT! MCCORD, WHERE DID YOU GET THIS POUCH?

WHAT'S IT TO YOU? BOOGER, I'LL KILL YOU FDR GOING INTO MY DESK!



MCCORD, THIS WAS SHERIFF SLAUGHTER'S TOBACCO POUCH! I'M ARRESTING YUH FOR MURDER!

YOU'RE WHAT? GUN THIS WADDIE... WHO'S HE THINK HE IS?

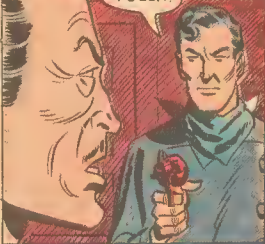


THE NAME IS SLAUGHTER! BLACK JACK SLAUGHTER! YOU KILLED MY DAD AND YOU'RE GOING TO HANG FDR IT! **NOW DROP THOSE GUNS!**



YOU OUTDREW US BUT YOU CAN'T ARREST US! YOU'RE NOT THE LAW!

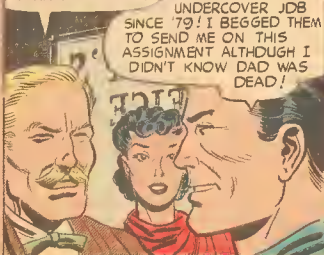
I'M A UNITED STATES MARSHALL, AMIGDS! I CAME DDOWN HERE ESPECIALLY TO BREAK THIS GANG UP! YOU MADE YOUR SLIP WHEN I RECOGNIZED DAD'S TOBACCO POUCH!



NEWS OF MCCORD'S ARREST SPREAD LIKE WILD FIRE! WHEN IVY HEARD THAT BLACK JACK WAS HER BROTHER WHO HAD LEFT HOME WHEN SHE WAS SD YOUNG SHE HARDLY REMEMBERED HIM, SHE HURRIED INTO TOWN WITH JIM.

YOUNG JACK SLAUGHTER! I THOUGHT I'D SEEN YOU BEFORE! TOO BAD YORE DAD COULDN'T LIVE TO SEE YOU FOLLOWING IN HIS FOOTSTEPS!

HE KNEW, SHERIFF! I'VE BEEN IN TOUCH WITH HIM FOR YEARS... BUT I'VE BEEN ON AN UNDERCOVER JDB SINCE '79! I BEGGED THEM TO SEND ME ON THIS ASSIGNMENT ALTHOUGH I DIDN'T KNOW DAD WAS DEAD!



OH, JACK, I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME HOME! YOU CAN STAY WITH US... AND GIVE ME AWAY WHEN JIM AND I ARE MARRIED!

I'LL BE PROUD TO, IVY! BUT YOU AND JIM WILL HAVE TO RUN THE RANCH ALONE FOR AWHILE! I STILL HAVE A JOB TO DO! I WANT TO CARRY ON DAD'S FIGHT TO BRING PEACE TO THIS TROUBLED COUNTRY! HE'D WANT THAT!



IT'S THE TEEN-AGE HIT!

HILARIOUS!

RIOTOUS
FUN!

SENSATIONAL!

YES, THAT'S WHAT TEEN-AGERS ARE SAYING ABOUT-

DUDLEY!

*Don't miss the
Teen-age*
LAUGH RIOT!

NOW ON SALE!

at your favorite
newsstand!



52 PAGES OF LAUGH PACKED TEEN-AGE FUN!

UNSCRUPULOUS LUMBERMEN
THREATENED TO CRUSH
OLD CORNELIUS DARCY'S
NEW LUMBER BUSINESS
UNTIL THE **B.B.**, OUT-
SPOOKED THE TIMBER
THIEVES IN THE ...

TIMBERLINE SHOWDOWN!



COME OUT OF THAT
CAVE, YOU THIEVIN'
COYOTES, PLUG
'EM, EGBERT!

YOW! LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE BEFORE WE GET
GORED BY **BLACK BULL!**

BEG PARDON
FOR SNEEZING,
SIR, BUT IT'S A
BIT DAMP IN
HERE.

PRETENDING TO BE BORED AS USUAL, DALE
DARCY DROVE HIS FATHER CORNELIUS TO THE
LAND OFFICE.

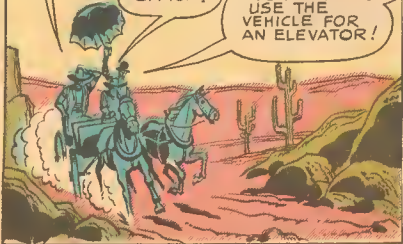
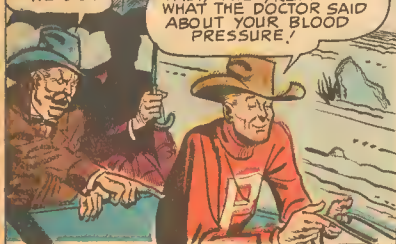
JUMPIN' JUPITER, DALE, WHIP UP THOSE
BAYS, UNLESS YOU WANT THE GREAT
WESTERN LUMBER COMPANY TO FILE
ON THAT TIMBER
LAND BEFORE
WE DO!

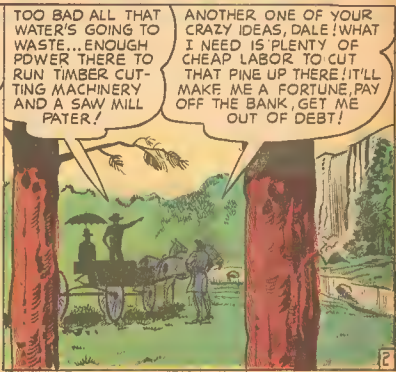
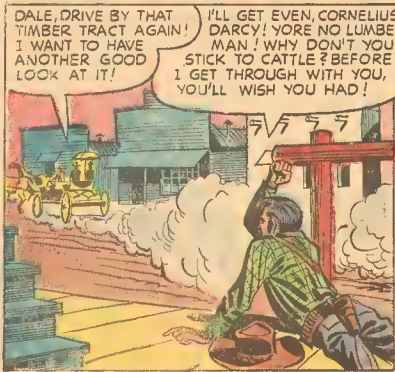
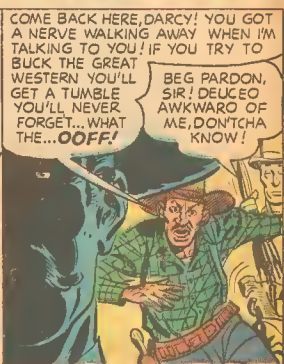
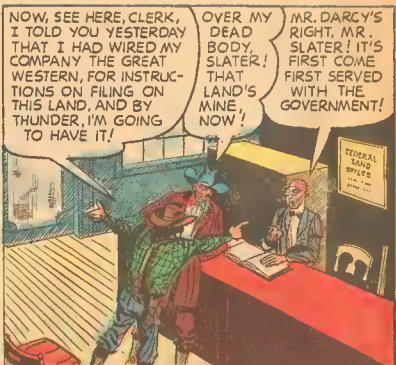
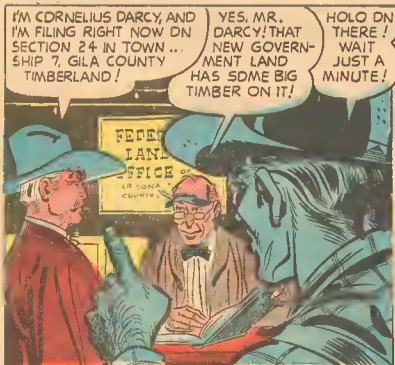
EASY, PATER, REMEMBER
WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID
ABOUT YOUR BLOOD
PRESSURE!

HOPPIN' HORN
TOADS! NOW
WHAT ARE
YOU UP TO,
YOU CRAZY
BOY!

EGBERT OLD
BEAN, WILL
YOU BE KIND
ENOUGH TO
TELL YOUR
MASTER THAT
I'M TAKING THE
SHORT CUT TO
THE LAND
OFFICE?

VERY GOOD,
SIR, BUT
MAY I SUGGEST
THAT YOU
GIVE SOME
SORT OF
SIGNAL FROM
THE FRONT,
SIR, WHEN
PLANNING TO
USE THE
VEHICLE FOR
AN ELEVATOR!





AT THE FIELD HEADQUARTERS OF THE GREAT WESTERN LUMBER CO., MANAGER TOM SLATER LAID TREACHEROUS PLANS WITH HIS HENCHMAN, BUCK MORTON...

NOW, BUCK, I WANT YOU TO SORT OF DROP IN ON OLD MAN OARCY, TELL HIM YORE AN OLD LUMBER HAND LOOKIN' FOR WORK AND CAN GET HIM PLENTY OF LABOR!

OKAY, BOSS, JUST LEAVE IT TO ME! I GOT A SCHEME THAT I WORKED ONCE BEFORE!



LATER THAT OAY, THE SCHEMING BUCK MORTON LAUNCHED THE FIRST STEP OF HIS UNDERHANDED SCHEME...

DAT DRAT IT, DALE, IS THAT ALL YOU CAN FIND TO DO ON THIS RANCH, FLY A KITE?

WHY, PATER, DON'T YOU REMEMBER BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WAS A GREAT KITE FLYER!

EXCUSE ME, FRIEND, MY NAMES BUCK MORTON... WONDERIN' IF YOU COULD USE ANOTHER RANCH HANO?



I DON'T NEED ANY MORE RANCH HANDS, FELLER! NOW IF YOU KNEW THE TIMBER BUSINESS, I'D...

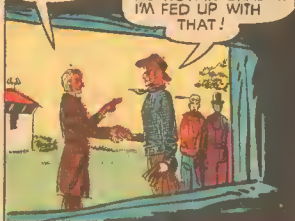
SAY, MISTER, I'VE BEEN A LUMBERJACK ALL MY LIFE, BUT THE LAST OUTFIT I WORKED FOR WAS SO ORNERY, I SORT OF SWORE OFF AND DECIDED TO TAKE UP COWPUNCHIN'!

WHAT OUTFIT WAS THAT, STRANGER?

I PUT TWENTY YEARS WITH THAT THEVIN' GREAT WESTERN? I WORKED MY WAY UP TO FOREMAN, BUT THEY NEVER GOT AROUND TO PAYIN' ME WHAT I WAS WORTH!

WELL, IF YOU CAN HIRE ENOUGH LABOR, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A JOB, MISTER. AS FOREMAN FOR CORNELIUS DARCY!

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WAS IN THE LUMBER BUSINESS, MR. DARCY, BUT I'LL SERVE YOU WELL AND FAITHFUL, PROVIDIN' YOU DON'T ASK ME TO DO NOTHIN' SHADY.. I'M FED UP WITH THAT!



THAT AFTERNOON, OLD CORNELIUS AND HIS NEW FOREMAN LOOKED OVER THE TIMBER TRACT...

YOU GOT A WONDERFUL STAND OF LUMBER HERE, MR. DARCY! THIS CLEARING WOULD BE A GOOD PLACE TO PITCH THE TENTS FOR YOUR NEW HANDS! THEY'LL BRING THEIR FAMILIES!

GOOD! I LIKE THE WAY YOU'RE TAKING HOLD OF THINGS, BUCK!



NEXT MORNING AT BREAKFAST...

HO HUM! IT'S MUCH TOO EARLY FOR ME TO BE UP, PATER, BUT I'LL DRIVE THIS NEW FOREMAN OF YOURS TO TOWN TO GET THE LABORERS IF YOU SAY SO, ALTHO HE DOESN'T LOOK TOO HONEST TO ME!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE INTEGRITY OF MEN? ALL YOU DO IS TO SLEEP AND FLY KITES, EH, EGBERT?

WELL, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, SIR, MR. DALE DOES SEEM TO HAVE STRINGS ATTACHED TO NEARLY EVERYTHING HE DOES, SIR!



ON THE WAY TO TOWN, BUCK TRIED TO PUMP DALE...

I UNDERSTAND YOUNG FELLER, THAT YOUR PA ISN'T IN SUCH GOOD SHAPE FINANCALLY!

WELL, NOW BUCK, YOU KNOW SOMETHING? THE ONLY TIME MY OLD MAN EVER DISCUSSED MONEY WITH ME WAS WHEN HE CUT MY ALLOWANCE AT PRINCETON!

NOW YOU WAIT RIGHT HERE, YOUNG FELLER AND I'LL BRING THEM LABDRERS TO THE WAGON BEFORE NIGHT.. NOTHING TO IT!

OKAY, BOSS, BUT HURRY! I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO FLY MY KITE TODAY!

AS SOON AS HE WAS ALONE, BUCK MADE DIRECTLY FOR THE SALOON...

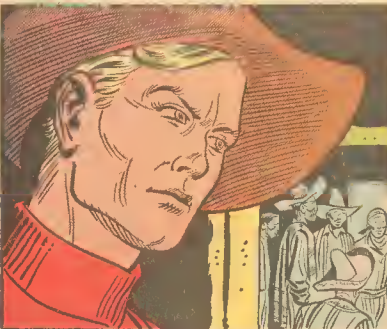
WELL, BUCK, WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG? AND HOW LONG DO YOU THINK I CAN HOLD THESE LABORERS TO-GETHER... ANY BO JY SEE YOU COME HERE?

I CAME AS SOON AS I COULD, BOSS.. THE ONLY PERSON THAT KNOWS I'M HERE IS THAT DUMB DARCY KID WHO FLIES KITES ALL DAY!

SUSPICIOUS OF BUCK, DALE ENTERED THE SALOON THROUGH THE REAR DOOR FOR A LOOK-SEE...

WELL, BOSS, HERE'S MY PLAN! I'LL GET OLD MAN DARCY TO LAY OUT A LOT OF MONEY FOR TENTS AND SUPPLIES FOR THESE LABORERS AND THEN SCARE THEM OFF THE JOB AS FAST AS THEY'RE HIRED!

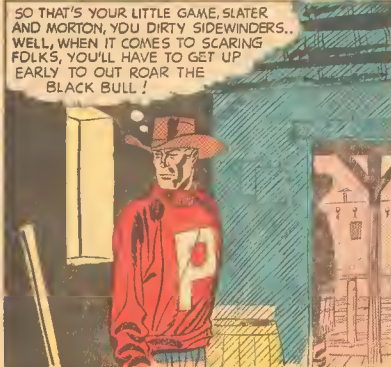
GOOOO BOY, BUCK! GET BUSY NOW, THERE'S NO TIME TO LOOSE!



SO THAT'S YOUR LITTLE GAME, SLATER AND MORTON, YDU DIRTY SIDEWINDERS.. WELL, WHEN IT COMES TO SCARING FOLKS, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET UP EARLY TO OUT ROAR THE BLACK BULL!

mighty happy people, BUCK, THESE MEXICANS!

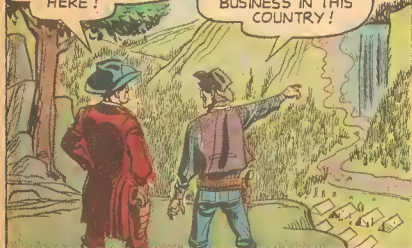
YEAH, AND GOOD HARD WORKERS, TOO! WITH THIS HELP, YOUR PA WILL BE ABLE TO GIVE THAT DIRTY GREAT WESTERN OUTFIT A RUN FOR THEIR MDNEY!



THE NEXT THREE DAYS WERE UNEVENTFUL...

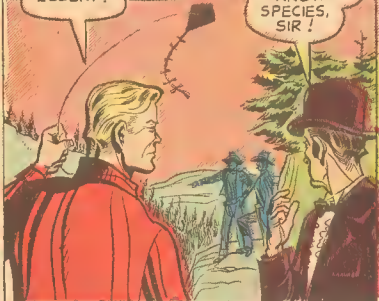
WELL, BUCK, I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU THAT I'M MIGHTY PLEASSED WITH THE WAY YOU'VE GOT THINGS STARTED HERE!

THANKS, MR. DARCY, WE'LL SHOW THAT GREAT WESTERN OUT-FIT THAT THEY CAN'T HOG THE LUMBER BUSINESS IN THIS COUNTRY!



THIS BUCK MORTON LOOKS A LOT LIKE A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING, EH EGBERT?

THE TIMBER WOLF, A RATHER WELL KNOWN SPECIES, SIR!



BUT THAT NIGHT...

DID THE BOSS GIVE YOU THEM BED SHEETS I ASKED FOR, SLIM?

WE BROUGHT THE PINE TORCHES, TOO! THE BOSS SAYS HE WANTS ACTION TONIGHT!

YEAH, BUCK, HERE THEY ARE!



YIPPEE, THIS GHOST DISGUISE WILL SCARE THEM MEXICANS CLEAN ACROSS THE BORDER!

YEAH, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO STALL A LITTLE NOW UNTIL THEY GET TO SLEEP!

LA PALOMA, LA PALOMA!

HO HUM, THE OAY IS LONG, THE NIGHT, SHE IS TOO SHORT! I THEENK WE BETTER GO TO SLEEP NOW!



OOOH! WE ARE THE GHOSTS OF YOUR FATHERS WARNING YOU THAT GREY EVIL WILL BEFALL YOU UNLESS YOU GO BACK TO MEXICO!

TAKE WAR-R-NING, O-O-O-OH!

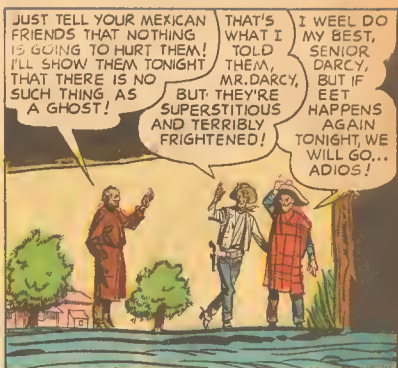
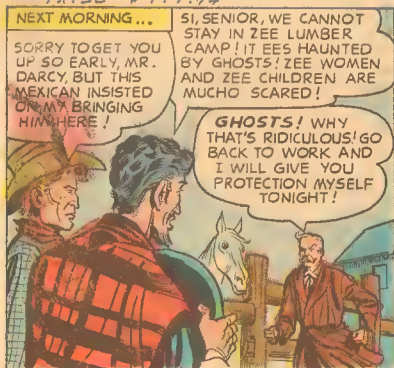


THE GHOSTS OF OUR FATHERS... WE CANNOT STAY HERE!

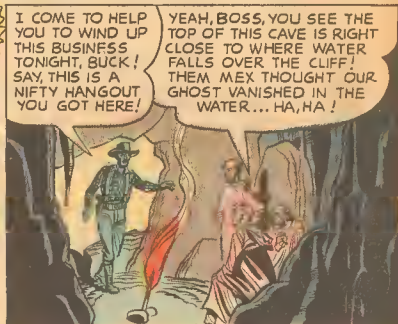
HELP, HELP, WE ARE LOST! HELP! HELP!

START PACKING, WE MUST GO!





THAT NIGHT SLATER, MANAGER OF GREAT WESTERN, HELD A FINAL POWOW WITH HIS HIRELINGS....



TWO HOURS LATER...

HURRY, EGBERT, OLD BEAN, OR WE'LL BE TOO LATE! IT'S NEARLY MIDNIGHT!

BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT ARE YOU THINKING OF OPENING A VARIETY STORE WITH THIS ODD ASSORTMENT?



COME NOW AND WE'LL GO THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS WATERFALL! I'VE GOT A HUNCH THERE'S A CAVE ON THE OTHER SIDE! SAY, THAT FIREMAN'S HELMET'S NOT A BAO IDEA, OLD TOP!

I WAS ONCE A MEMBER OF THE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE IN A SUBURB OF DEAR OLD LONDON, SIR!



AH, JUST AS I THOUGHT, EGBERT, THERE'S THE CAVE THAT LEADS TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF NEAR THE PLUNGE OF THE WATERFALL! COME, LET'S SEE WHAT'S INSIDE!

BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT SHOULD WE ENTER WITHOUT KNOCKING? IT MIGHT BE OCCUPIED, SIR!

AH, EGBERT, OLD FILBERT, THERE'S THE ASCENDING STEPS IN THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF WALL! LET'S HAVE A LOOK-SEE!

VERY GOOD, SIR, BUT I SUGGEST YOU LEAD THE WAY, MY KNEES ARE A BIT WOBBLY AT THE MOMENT, SIR!



MEANWHILE, BUCK GIVES LAST MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS FELLOW GHOSTS UNWARE THAT OLD CORNELIUS DARCY IS HIDING BEHIND A TREE...

TONIGHT WE SHALL MAKE NOISES LIKE HOOT OWLS, FELLERS! OKAY, LET'S GO!

HERE COME THOSE GHOSTS, BUT DING BUST IT, WHERE'S THAT SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE? I CAN'T FIGHT FOUR GHOSTS ALL BY MYSELF!



HOOT HOO! HOOT HOO!

THIS IS LAST WARNING, ALL MEXICANS MUST LEAVE OR TOMORROW YOU DIE!

DI-EE-EE!



WE'RE LEAVING, WE'RE GOING NOW!

HARK, ALL MEXICANS, THIS IS THE BLACK BULL! DO NOT LEAVE! THE BLACK BULL WILL PROTECT YOU AND GET RID OF THE GHOSTS!



AT THE SOUND OF THE BLACK BULL'S VOICE THE PANIC STRICKEN MEXICANS STOP THEIR FLIGHT...

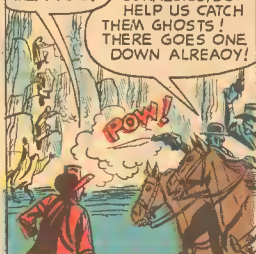
HEAR THAT! THE BLACK BULL! HE WILL PROTECT US! WE DO NOT HAVE TO BE AFRAID OF THE GHOSTS ANYMORE!

COME ON! LET'S GO BACK INTO OUR TENTS! LOOK, THE GHOSTS ARE RUNNING AWAY!



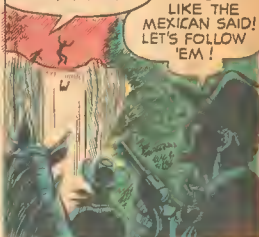
WELL, SHERIFF, YOU FINALLY GOT HERE, BUT THE BLACK BULL HAS ALREADY TURNED THE TRICK AND CALMED DOWN THE MEXICANS!

DON'T STAND THERE TALKING, CORNELIUS, BUT HELP US CATCH THEM GHOSTS! THERE GOES ONE DOWN ALREADY!



HURRY, THE SHERIFF'LL NEVER FIND US IN THE CAVE! I WONDER WHERE THAT BLACK BULL IS! HE'S THE ONE I'M AFRAID OF! HE'S SPOILED EVERYTHING!

LOOK, THEM GHOSTS ARE DISAPPEARING IN THE FALLS JUST LIKE THE MEXICAN SAID! LET'S FOLLOW 'EM!



BEATING THE OWL HOOTERS TO THE LOWER EXIT OF THE CAVE, THE BLACK BULL AND EGBERT GET THE DROP ON THEM AS THEY COME OUT...

DON'T SHOOT, BLACK BULL, DON'T SHOOT! WE GIVE UP!

MARCH THROUGH THAT WALL OF WATER, YOU DIRTY COYOTES! THERE'LL BE A RECEPTION COMMITTEE ON THE OTHER SIDE!



WELL, WHERE ARE THE BODIES OF THEM GHOSTS THAT JUMPED... WELL I'LL BE HORNSWOGGLED! LOOK AT THESE WET RATS!

HERE ARE YOUR GHOSTS, SHERIFF, COMPLIMENTS OF BLACK BULL! TAKE GOOD CARE OF THEM!



DON'T BE TOO HARD ON US SHERIFF! YOU'VE ALREADY KILLED SLATER UP ON THE CLIFF! HE'S THE ONE THAT HIRED US TO DO THIS DIRTY WORK FOR THE GREAT WESTERN!

SEE THAT THIS BUCK MORTON GETS HIS, SHERIFF! HE HIRED OUT TO ME TO BE MY FOREMAN, THE DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSER!



ANY TROUBLE, PATER? YOU LOOK WORN OUT! DID I HEAR GUNFIRE?

YOU GOOD FOR NOTHING LOAFER! THE BLACK BULL SAVED ME AGAIN AND I'M MAKING OUT A NEW WILL LEAVING EVERYTHING TO HIM AND SOMETHING FOR YOU TOO, EGBERT!

THANK YOU, SIR, AND I'M SURE THAT THE BLACK BULL THANKS YOU, TOO!



WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and other externally caused Skin Blemishes



WHEN pimply skin is your problem, the first thing to get straight is that you can and *should* do something about it. To develop the attractiveness of your face is not mere vanity. It is an "open sesame" towards bringing the real **YOU** closer to other people and giving your personality the poise and confidence it needs. Your good qualities—intelligence, character, dignity—all go to naught...are completely cancelled out by a skin that "nobody loves to touch." Remember, the **YOU** that people see first is your face.

SKIN PROBLEMS DEMAND IMMEDIATE CARE

Medical statistics tell us that blemished skin usually occurs from adolescence on through adult life. The problem at the adolescent stage is serious enough to deserve attentive care as a family matter. In adulthood, when life's responsibilities are so much weightier, it is doubly important to exert great effort to eliminate these blemishes. And, there is no better time to get pimples under control than now.

DON'T ABUSE SKIN

The first instinctive reaction to pimples and blackheads is to squeeze them out with your fingers.

A bit of experimentation along these lines soon provides convincing proof that this succeeds only in inflaming your skin and spreading the infection. Under no circumstances should pimples and blackheads ever be squeezed.



MICROSCOPE SHOWS IMPORTANT BASIS FOR EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Let's take a look through the microscope to see what's behind those unsightly pimples. The high-powered lenses show your skin coated with a covering which originated from two sources—one, internally and the other, externally.

The internal substances on your skin include dead cells, residue from the sweat glands, and a high quantity of oil excreted by the sebaceous glands. A most important factor in skin disorders occurs when thousands of these tiny sebaceous glands discharge more oil than the skin can use for lubrication. Unless special care is given, the oil forms a heavy film which attracts foreign matter to your skin much as any oil mop picks up dust. These infectious external substances may be classified into three general groups:

1. Airborne materials such as dust, pollens, condensation products of smoke, vapors, etc.
2. Materials brought in contact with the skin, such as tiny fragments of clothing, bedding, cosmetics.
3. Micro-organisms such as bacteria and fungi.

See the difference between a healthy skin and a pimply skin in the microscopic reproductions below.



A. Normal skin



B. Sick, pimply skin

Diagram A shows a normal-size, smoothly functioning sebaceous gland. Diagram B pictures sick, pimply skin. Notice that the sebaceous gland is a swollen mass of trapped oil, waste and infectious bacteria.

TRY THIS SENSIBLE WAY

Two sensible aims to achieve in controlling this skin condition are: to clear the pores of clogging matter, and to inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin. Toward these ends, Dornol Products' research makes available two formulas. One is to aid in thorough cleansing by highly detergent penetration which simplifies the removal of waste and foreign matter. The other is to discourage oiliness with clinically-proved ingredients, and to kill infec-

tious bacteria often associated with externally caused pimples and blackheads.

BLEMISHES COVERED UP

To remove the distressing embarrassment of these skin blemishes, the second Dornol formula exerts a "cover-up" action on your broken out skin while the medication does its work. This, plus its pleasant odor, will spare you the mental distress which is associated with unsightly, malodorous, medicated preparations. Imagine! You can apply this Dornol formula to your skin by day and face the immediate present with greater confidence in your appearance, while secure in the knowledge that medication is acting to remove old blemishes and keep away new ones. What this "cover-up" action alone is worth in peace of mind is beyond calculation. No longer need prying eyes make you wince with humiliation and misery. Now because of this wonderful feature of the Dornol treatment, you can put your best foot forward...at once!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We know what the Dornol treatment has done for others, so we want you to try it at our risk. A few minutes a day invested in our treatment can yield more gratifying results than you ever dared hope for. This is what we say to you: If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin in just 10 days, simply return the unused portion and we will refund not only the price you paid—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!** Can anything be fairer than that? You have everything to gain and we take all the risk!

How to get the Dornol Treatment

immediately: Just send your name and address to DORNOL PRODUCTS, INC., Dept. 4013-C 4257 Katonah Ave. New York 66, N.Y. Be sure to print clearly. By return mail we will ship the Dornol treatment to you in a plain package. When postmen delivers the package, pay only \$1.98 plus postage. Or if you wish to save postal fee, send \$2 now and we will pay postage. Which ever way you order, the **DOUBLE REFUND GUARANTEE** still prevails. Don't delay another minute, send for the Dornol Medicated Skin treatment with "cover-up" feature at once! Sorry, no Canadian C.O.D.'s.

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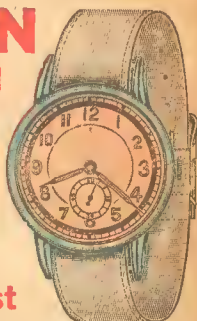
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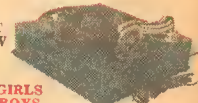
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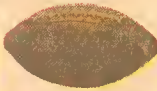
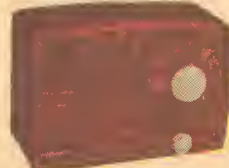
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